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THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

WEDNESDAY MORNING SESSION.—MAY 13TH, 1868.

SPEECH OF MARY GREW.

Mr. President: When an individual or an organization announces its purpose to assail a long-established system in a nation; when they set themselves in opposition to the generally-received opinions or feelings of their fellow-citizens; when they seek to disturb the peace of the community, they owe it to that community to justify themselves by a statement of their reasons. They owe it to that community to give a substantial reason why, in an hour of peace, they seek to disturb the nation; why they seek to overturn an institution hoary with time, an institution which has inwrought itself with the political, religious and social life of the nation. A third of a century ago, when the Abolitionists lifted up their disturbing voices in this land, they acknowledged that obligation. They came before their fellow-citizens stating their reasons. It was no wild burst of fanaticism that first raised the Anti-Slavery cry or lifted the Anti-Slavery banner in this land. The man who led this enterprise—they who rallied around him, said to this nation, in the clearest, the calmest, the strongest words, "We assail this mighty institution because it is inherently vile, unjust and wicked, beyond the power of language to express;" and from that time to this, they have set themselves to prove that assertion. Thrown open the door which screened that institution from sight, and poured upon it such streams of light that the half blind could see it, and have demonstrated their wisdom in assailing it. For the last few years, the nation has justified us. Not only is wisdom justified of her children, but in due time, if they faint not, reformers will be justified by those who at first opposed them, and raised a clamor against them. When the war came, and the great system of slavery tottered and fell; when a proclamation from the President of the United States declared all men free on American soil, and when in the Constitution of the United States an amendment was inserted declaring it also, then, as in an hour, church and State, political parties and religious sects, were suddenly converted to Anti-Slavery. Then our city newspapers, which used to hound on mobs to break up meetings such as this, and fill their columns with vituperative assaults on our leaders—papers that denounced us as the veriest fanatics, the wildest visionaries—came rushing to bear their testimony to the wisdom of our past labors, and wrote down in flaming editorials the elementary principles of the Anti-Slavery enterprise. The simplest doctrines of human rights, which we had uttered and heard on our platform for thirty years, until they were stereotyped in our ears, these papers published in our great cities as original utterances of their own. I remember well, reading in the leading newspapers of Philadelphia words which we might have fancied were copied verbatim from the *Liberator* or *Standard* of twenty years ago. Yet these editors actually thought they were new utterances. Why should they not? They were new—if not in their ears, in their hearts. When this great cloud cleared away; when in high places slavery was denounced as injustice, then, for the first time, they admitted into their hearts the truth, and so these words had a meaning in them they never had before. So they came up to that level, and said all that abolitionists could ask them to say about the right of all men to be free, and denounced those members of the political parties who still hung back and were not quite sure that all men were born equal and had an inalienable right to their liberty.

May we therefore infer that these

> —— "foemen of the night,
> Made brothers at the dawn of day,"

these reconstructed politicians are going to take the next step onward with us? If we flattered ourselves with any such hope as that, two or three years ago, when they were first manifesting their burning zeal in behalf of liberty, we have had abundant reason to change our opinion. We might have known that we should. Reforms never look well in the eyes of the world until they are nearly accomplished, unless they are carried on far outside of the circle of the nation's responsibility. Our newspapers now are giving us very frequent illustrations of this fact. Only the other day, I read in one of the leading presses of Philadelphia the following:

"Philadelphia can justly claim an advanced position on the question of women's rights and labor. While the advocates of the amelioration of woman's condition in other places are wasting their energies in angry dispute or aimless speculation, she is steadily pushing the vexed question on to a practical solution.

Our female physicians, enjoying large incomes, the best evidence of the confidence of the community, have settled the point as to the availability of feminine labor and brain power in that profession."

It is very well for Philadelphia women to practice medicine; and Philadelphia editors, seeing women engaged in a lucrative profession, and driving through the streets in their carriages, wealthy and respected, can now speak a word in behalf of the women's movement, aye, plume themselves on the fact that there the question has been settled, without any of this "fanaticism" with which the enterprise is carried on elsewhere. And these editors are not hypocritical. They have utterly forgotten the long years during which Elizabeth Blackwell was struggling to open the doors of medical colleges that she might enter; the years when she was walking, with weary and bleeding feet, on the path over which her sisters now follow her so easily and comfortably. They have forgotten that they uttered no word of comfort, or help, or encouragement for her. They waited until, alone and unaided, she had fought that battle and won it; and then, when it costs a woman nothing to be a physician in Philadelphia, and costs these editors nothing to speak a word in her praise, then they come up and boast of Philadelphia as in advance of other places on that question, and assert that there is none of this "fanaticism" about "woman's rights" there. But for what they call "fanaticism," where would these physicians in Philadelphia be to-day? And to-day, with equal wisdom, with the same far-seeing philosophy, this same paper copies from English newspapers the accounts of a meeting called in connection with the organization of a National Society for Women's Suffrage, where the best mental strength of England was represented. What is the reason? Because it is away off in England, and because the Hon. John Stuart Mill and Charles Kingsley, and the Dean of Canterbury, and Edward Baines, the leader of Ultramontanism, and Prof. Huxley, and a great many others, endorse the movement. Great names and distance lend enchantment to the enterprise there; but in this very article the editor takes occasion to denounce the way in which the cause is carried on upon this side of the ocean; as if it was not exactly one and the same thing, only the disagreeableness is a little further removed, so that they can afford to praise it. This explains how it is that men who denounced us, years ago, are now, or were lately, shouting the praises of abolitionists, and confessing that we were right and they were wrong. But are they going to step forward with us, or are they asking why we do not stop where we are? The newspapers, religious and secular, pulpits and platforms, are asking, "What in the world would these restless abolitionists have? Have they not got a proclamation abolishing slavery? Has not the Federal Constitution destroyed it and made it illegal forever? What more would they have? Why don't they stop and leave the nation in peace? It is a fair question, if honestly asked; worthy of an answer, even if asked in opposition and derision. And, friends, the answer is very simple. *We do not stop, because our work is not done.* Could we have a better? At the beginning of this enterprise, we pledged ourselves to life-long labor, if need should be for the accomplishment of our work—the emancipation of the colored race of this country. They being slaves, we vowed to make them men. When that work is accomplished, this society may dissolve, thanking God that it was permitted to have a hand in its performance. But, because it is not done, we stand here to-day, and invite your co-operation and sympathy.

We do not deny that slavery is legally abolished in the land; that no man on the American soil can now be held as a slave, but in defiance of the American constitution. We know, more than that, that laws have been passed for the reconstruction of the rebel States requiring them not only to surrender their claim to their former slaves, but to give them the ballot. It has been made a condition of the return of those States to the Union that they shall award this measure of justice to the black man. Now let us look at the actual condition of these men. If we read only the laws, we might be satisfied, and say, "It is enough." But what we vowed to do was not to give this colored race in the South a *nominal* freedom, but to make them *really free.* To-day, released from the chains they wore, they stand a helpless, struggling race, in the midst of those who, a few years ago, were their masters, wielding irresponsible power over them. They stand side by side, in the eye of the law, equal citizens with men whose hearts are burning with a rage and hatred against them they never felt when they were under their feet, and who now use such language as this:

"Between us and the black man there can be no other relation than that of patron and client, unless he is fool enough to make himself a danger and a nuisance in the State. If he will keep his proper place we will to the utmost of our power and influence secure to him his freedom and his civil rights, and none shall oppress or make him afraid, if we can prevent it. *If he is not content with that, it may be that that he will by and by have to be content with less;* and if so, he may thank those for it who have misled him.

"To give these ignorant, stupid *sans-culottes* the right to vote in municipal affairs, and to elect the mayors and aldermen of cities, is a union of villainy and absurdity so despicable that it would provoke a sardonic smile on the countenance of Beelzebub. *To any who has given them that right we would vote nothing but a halter;* for, compared with it, robbery and murder are laudable acts and meritorious services done the Commonwealth."

That is the language of the *Memphis Appeal.* Another organ of Southern sentiment and feeling (*the Mobile Advertiser*) says; speaking of the Alabama Constitutional Convention:

"The detestable work of the herd of adventuring scoundrels and ignorant negroes assembled at Montgomery is complete, and the 'abomination of abominations,' as it came from their hand, is to be submitted, in the shape of a monstrous thing named a constitution, to what its fiendish authors call the suffrages of the people."

Another of these organs (the *Charlottesville (Va.) Chronicle*), speaking of the result of the election in Virginia, says:

"By Tuesday's work, the negroes have set their seal to their doom. There is no longer any peace. The question now is, who shall occupy and rule the territory between forty and thirty-two degrees north latitude—the blacks or the whites."

The *Lynchburg Virginian*, on the same occasion says:

"It only remains for the white people of Virginia to look to their interest and labor to protect it. They should concert measures without delay to fill the State with white laborers from the North and from Europe. They must crowd the negro out."

And another paper (the *Lynchburg News*, responds:

"We are gratified to learn that one hundred and fifty negroes, employed at the Wythe Iron Mines, all of whom voted the straight, anti-radical ticket, were discharged on Tuesday by the owner of the works. This is precisely the step every employer should take."

Then the *Petersburg (Va). Index* joins the merciless hunt, and cries:

"Send them adrift unhesitatingly. Let them learn how unsatisfactory are the husks upon which the radicals would have them feed. They will soon weary of the diet, and then, when they have proved repentance, let them return and be assisted in their efforts to become worthy people. But the offence has been grievous, and the penance should be severe, and the conversion must be proved by works. Until it is established they should be shunned as enemies." * * *

"Let no man sleep under your roof, break your bread, drink of your cup, who has spoken at the polls in favor of that party which would despoil your house, embitter your crust with slavery, and fill your cup with the poison of humiliation."

I might read all day long utterances such as these from Southern presses and Southern pulpits. Are these the people in whose hands it is safe to leave the rights of our clients, whose cause we have been pleading for thirty years and more? Is it reasonable for our opponents, is it reasonable for political parties and presses to say to us, "You have done your work; the colored man is free, is in full possession of his freedom; now leave him to us; leave him to the kindness and care of his fellow-citizens in the South; leave him to work out his own salvation, as any other freeman may?" Is it right, is it reasonable, in view of such expressions of sentiment (and these are fair expressions of the sentiment of the white rebel race in the South), that we should be asked, after more than a third of a century of toil and pleading, on behalf of these outraged ones, to give them up to the tender mercies of such cruelty as that?

But if we cannot rely upon the laws, which can never be enforced except by public opinion, why can we not rely for the black man's safety on the new Constitutions of these reconstructed States, admitted again, when they shall be admitted, on condition that they shall never deprive men of the right of suffrage, on account of race, color or condition? Friends, I might tell you why, and perhaps you would not believe it. Let the New York *Times* tell you why. In its issue on the second day of this month, it speaks thus:

"This matter of Reconstruction is in its nature temporary. Its object is to get the Southern States reorganized and back into Union. When that is done the people of the States resume the right of self-government. They can then amend their constitutions, reform their laws, prescribe new qualifications of suffrage if they see fit, and in all respects become masters of their own affairs."

That is the reason why. When these men come back and sit in Congress, they can change, not only the laws of Congress, but they can change these conditions on which the reconstructed States come back. They can take from the hand of the Southern black man the ballot more readily and easily than Congress can give it. Now, what security have we? They may yield anything that is demanded of them—would have yielded a great deal more a few years ago, if this government had had enough sense and manliness to demand it; they will yield now just enough, and no more than enough, to get back into the government, to get back into those seats in Congress, where they can control their own destiny, and rule the nation; and then, not a rebel newspaper, not a democratic newspaper, but the *New York Times* is preparing a way for them to sweep away every protection of the black man; to restore the old times when they lorded it with the lash and the whip; to undo all the good that Congress has been doing for the last few years; to wipe out all that was gained by the war. This is not a Southern paper, it is a Northern paper; and if we needed any argument to confirm us in the belief that our work is not done, that the black man is in peril, and needs that we stand by him a little longer—it may be a good while—it would be such utterances, from such sources as that.

But, friends, it is the greatest folly, as well as the greatest crime, that this nation is doing but half justice to the black man. It is such a blunder, if it look only to its own success! Here is the Republican party, which but a few years ago was all on fire with zeal for freedom, and even the most faithful abolitionists hoped that in a little while it might take the black man out of our hands, and bear him upward and onward to citizenship and secure freedom—where is it now? One of our papers in Philadelphia, which used, nearly every day, to have some noble utterances in favor of impartial suffrage, which conceded to the black man his right to the ballot, has not dared to lisp these words for months. Anybody, reading those columns now and a year or two ago, would hardly believe it to be the same paper. Has the editor changed his principles? It is of very little consequence whether he has or not. Perhaps he did not hold any that were worth holding, because the impending Presidential election scattered them to the four winds of heaven. You would not know, from reading that paper, which wields a vast influence among the Republican party in Philadelphia, that the black man had not got the ballot or that he had the least claim to it. I suppose it is so with leading journals of the Republican party elsewhere.

Now when people say, "Here is the Republican party, doing your work," we turn round to them and say—"They have never done our work. They have always said—"After election, after the crisis is past, and we have saved the party, (which, if we do not save, everything is going to destruction,) then we will come and do this work for the black man." Oh, friends, I have heard that so long, I am weary of the sound! People who wait for success to enable them to do right, never do right. When one success is gained, they are sure to want another. But I verily believe the better sort of politicans deceive themselves into the belief, that what is really a desire for personal success, or for the gratification of personal ambition, is a desire for the establishment of their party in power, in order that it may do good.

What can secure the slave's freedom, and what will do it? The highest and only security that we can have, next to the nation's education in justice, next to its regeneration in heart, is the security of the Federal Constitution. We ask, as abolitionists, for the black man, only what we ask for the white man; and that is that the highest law of the land, the Federal Constitution, shall cover the black man's freedom as well as the white. We demand to-day, in the name of the freed slave of the South, now passing through that terrible and perilous transition—we demand for him an amendment of the United States Constitution which shall secure his citizenship and the ballot to him, and his heirs forever, even as it secures them to the white man. We demand for him that the word "white" shall be stricken from all the instruments by which men hold citizenship in this land, and there shall be thrown around him all the protections which other men ask for themselves. We ask that, not as Christian men and women—in that name, we might ask a great deal more—we ask that as abolitionists, because, until he has that, he is not personally free. Are those men in Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia, who go up to the polls to vote at the peril of their lives, who, even if they attempt to vote, are holding their homes at the mercy of the enraged white men—are those men, I ask, free, because the laws and the Constitution declare them so? Where our armies are strong enough and our bayonets thick enough to protect them, they are free; but is that the freedom of American citizens? We demand, and shall not cease to demand for him, all that we claim for ourselves from the Constitution and laws. Oh, if we were to ask what this nation owes him, we should stand here day after day merely to repeat in your ears the claim. It would be impossible. The nation would be bankrupt a million times. It could not pay that debt. We owe to him repentance and atonement for the chains of cruelty, and debasement, and ignorance, beneath which we have bound him down. See what the American nation owes the black man on the soil! No abolitionist, even in his wildest dreams, ever thought of asking that we should pay that weighty debt, for we could not do it. All that we ask to-day is, that the nation shall strive to render such atonement as God has put into its hands. If we were a Christian nation; if we were an honorable, just, magnanimous people, we should be only filled with grief that we could do no more. Instead of hesitating to give the negro the ballot, we should give it to him with all our hearts, and add thereto education to his children in our best schools and colleges; we should build him churches, we should give him land, we should all go to him bearing our gifts, and pour them at his feet, crying to him as we gave them, "Forgive us that we can do no more!" Nobody expects that of this nation, but it is sad, it is very sad, that a community which has so great a debt to pay; a nation which in its hour of mortal peril was saved from destruction by the very victims of its injustice, should now stand halting, hesitating, and trying to find out how little justice it can safely render back to him. But, terrible as it is, it is yet teaching us in righteouness of the evil and danger of this path. The Republican party, that for a few years professed so much, and I doubt not meant to do so much, has sunk down from its height to the level on which it stands to-day. Can we trust a party to take care of the black man's interest who gave the nation Andrew Johnson as the measure of its obligation, and cannot now depose him.

We address ourselves, then, again to this work. Not the work of doing justice to the black man, but the work of making him at least personally free. Until he gets the ballot, secured by the Federal Constitution, he is not a citizen or a freeman worthy of the name. We may give him food and clothing, we may give him schools and churches, we may give him education, (and we shall do it), we may send to him more such noble missionaries as have already gone to teach him—all this we may do, but it will avail him little unless we give him the power to hold these things in his grasp. They exist now by virtue of the presence and protection of our armies. Withdraw these armies, let these reconstructed States come back, and what becomes of the Freedmen's Bureau? Where will be those school-houses which now dot the hills and valleys of the South, where Christian men and women sit down day after day and patiently teach colored children? They will all be swept away by the first act of those rebel States, who hate and despise them now. Give the black man the ballot, secured by the Federal Constitution, and he will protect these schools, aye, institute them in time for himself. Give him all the laws you can, but fail not to give him this, which secures all the rest.

Then, friends, we ask you, instead of bidding us stop, content with what has been already done, to come up and help us finish our work. We used to call upon you in the name of the slave; now we call on you in the name of that poor struggling one who is passing through the transition from slavery to liberty. Transition as you know, is always uncomfortable, perilous, dangerous—and in his case it is preeminently dangerous and perilous. We ask you to come and help him. The Church, which for a while awoke and gave us its sympathy, has almost ceased its aid. One of the last utterances which I have read from any portion of it was a strain of ridicule, uttered by one of the organs of what is called "Liberal Christianity." It made me sad to think that a press professing so much love for humanity had no words for the organizations which are pleading the black man's cause but words of ridicule; but, after all, it only proves, that no theological creed, orthodox or unitarian, is security for practical righteousness, or a test of a christian spirit. We must get down deeper than creeds, and call up, if we can, all the best elements of a man's soul, and inspire him, if possible, with the spirit of Christ. Then, whatever his creed, political or ecclesiastical, may be, he will rush instinctively to the help of the outcast, the friendless, the depraved, to-day, these poor clients of ours, who have struggled up, and by the nation have been helped up so far on their way to freedom, are stretching out imploring hands to us. We stand here, a few in number, but they recognize us, and are crying out, "If parties betray us, and churches forsake us, will you also draw away?" That cry comes to our ears and to our hearts, and on the peril of our souls we cannot resist it. We have no desire to resist it. We have stood by the black man's side in storm and sunshine for a third of a century; we have vowed to be his champions to the end; and whether our number be few or many, we shall stand by his side while life lasts, until we have won for him security for his freedom, which the nation has already given him—the security of the ballot, protected by the United States Constitution. When that is attained, he will struggle for his rights as white men do, defend himself as white men do, and we shall at last have accomplished our work. But until that time comes, we cannot, we will not desert him. We remember those grand words of the pioneer of the Anti-Slavery enterprise, uttered long ago, "One, with God, is a majority." We remember, too, that grand prophecy, "One shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight;" and we know that the success of our enterprise is certain, that freedom, full, complete and secure, is certain for the colored man, because "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth." (Loud applause).

The President then called on Rev. JOHN. T. SARGENT, of Boston, who stated that he understood that Mr. Burleigh had one or two points which he wished to present, in continuation of his argument, and he would therefore waive his privilledge to the platform in favor of Mr. Burleigh.

REMARKS OF CHARLES C. BURLEIGH.

The main point which it seemed to me desirable to press, is that which has been so well made and dwelt upon by the last speaker—the securing of such an amendment to the American Constitution as shall put this question of the black man's rights altogether beyond the reach of local legislation or local State Conventions. I believe there is no safety for these rights if they are left to the local action of the States, who have shown their disposition so plainly already. The men who have been accustomed to rule in those States can take either of two courses. They can begin by calling new Conventions to amend their Constitutions, and by resorting to those means of intimidation and terrorism which have been used with such effect in Alabama, deter men, black and white, from exercising the franchise, and thus change the Constitutions prescribed by Congress; or, if they do not choose to put themselves to that trouble, they can simply say, "This whole work of Congressional reconstruction is invalid, now that we are able to decide the question for ourselves, because we submitted to it under duress, which destroys its validity," and proceed as if no rights had been guaranteed to the black man. There is, then, just this question. You must say to these men, "It is not to be left to you to decide. The black man has his rights. The Congress of the United States has said to you, 'You cannot come back into this Union until you acknowledge these rights, and bind yourself to guarantee them henceforward,' and as soon as you come in, we bolt the door, so that you cannot go out the back way! We say to you, 'You must consent to our amendment of the Constitution.'" Let that amendment be presented now. Let it be presented to the States as soon as they come forward, and before they have time to take any measures which shall undo the work thus far done, and you may be sure a majority of all the States will ratify it. The black man is said to be ignorant—to know nothing of politics or statesmanship; but he knows enough to take care of himself; he knows enough to protect his own rights, and he knows enough to do that which is necessary for the defence of his own rights. The black vote will be given solid for such an amendment to the Constitution. All that deserves the name of loyalty among the white men of the South will go for the amendment. Everything that deserves the name of Republican all over the country will go for that amendment. I believe that even in those States where amendments to the State Constitutions, striking out the word "white" which now disgraces those instruments, have failed, an amendment of the Federal Constitution for the same purpose will succeed; that when the aim is to make this measure general, covering the whole country with any measure of reform that will secure the equal rights of all men everywhere, you will find support for it where now you find opposition. I do not doubt that the measure can be made to succeed.

But it is said we must respect State rights. What principle of State rights is there in the way of such a measure as this? Your Federal Constitution prescribes certain conditions of membership of the Union, and no State has any right to be a member of that Union unless it complies with those conditions. These provisions are not invasions of State rights. You have laid certain restrictions upon the action of the States hitherto, and where is the impropriety of the assumption on the part of the nation, as such, of the right to decide who shall be the electors of the nation's President and the nation's legislators? How can that be regarded as any infringement of the rights of a State? Nay, might we not with much force retort this objection, and say, it is the State which is claiming the right to dictate to the nation, and to say who shall be its electors. If you deprive the black man in the Carolinas of his vote, the vote of two citizens of New York will weigh no more in the choice of a President than that of one white citizen of South Carolina, because the population of South Carolina is more than half black. So that, if you give South Carolina the privilege of voting through her white citizens alone; if you permit these men to monopolize the entire political power of South Carolina, while she has the same weight, according to population, that New York has, you give twice the political power to every citizen of South Carolina which you give to every citizen of New York and of New England. Now, if it is claimed, on behalf of the old slave-holding oligarchy, that the white man is to rule South Carolina, and decide who shall vote there for the officers, State and National, it is virtually claiming that South Carolina may dictate terms to the nation—terms in accordance with which she shall hold for her white citizens double the power which a like number of white citizens at the North hold. Then which is an invasion of State rights, I ask you? Which is a violation of the very principles of Republican liberty? It would seem most plainly the dictate of common sense that the nation should prescribe the qualification of the nation's electors.

It is said, again, that we ought to have a limit in regard to the right of suffrage on the ground of intelligence. Something has been said, very properly and forcibly upon that already. I desire to add another word, bringing into view another phase of that question. You tell me, "Let us limit the suffrage to the intelligent, the educated," Who the intelligent and the educated are, if we may apply any practical test, I think it would not be very difficult to determine. Who knew best which was to be the winning side in the late conflict; who knew best which was the side which would secure the interests of themselves and of the whole country, events have answered for us. But suppose we adopt what these men mean when they talk about the test of intelligence and education. They mean the ability to read, or perhaps the ability to read and write, or, it may be, the ability to read and write, and perform, possibly, some simple mathematical processes. Whatever the test, it is a certain measure of book education. Do you not see, that the instant you adopt that test, you are offering a premium upon the denial of the means of culture to that class of people for whose rights we are contending? You are virtually saying to all who belong to, all who sympathize with, the oligarchical caste of these lately black man's rights shall be guaranteed by the express letter of the Federal Constitution. We cannot trust them to the keeping of his old oppressors. We cannot trust them to the keeping of any political party in the country, in the midst of these continuous shiftings of the phases of political action among us. We cannot trust them to anything this side the deep, settled conviction, the firm principle of the mass of the people; we cannot trust them to anything less than the plain letter of the Constitution. For that let us labor. That let us demand, and let us not rest until we have attained it. (Loud applause).

The President stated that he had received a letter from the wife of Wm. WELLS BROWN, who had been announced as one of the speakers, saying that her husband was too sick to be able to travel, and could not therefore be present at the meeting.

The Society then adjourned, to meet at 8 o'clock in the evening.

EVENING SESSION.

The meeting was called to order at eight o'clock, by the President, WENDELL PHILLIPS, who read the following additional resolution:

Resolved, That we denounce the proposition now before Congress to abolish elective government in the District of Columbia in whole or in part, as a plot to cheat the freemen of the District of their new-born freedom; and that we call on all true-hearted Senators and Representatives, especially those on the Committee on the District, to see that the crime does not stain the Capitol of the Nation.

I understand there is a project reported by Senators Morrill and Harlan, I think, to change the form of the District government, and place it largely or entirely in the hands of Commissioners, those Commissioners to have the qualification of large estate, landed or otherwise. The consequence of such a provision would be to take almost entirely from the hands of the blacks any control over the government of the District. There would be, of course, a large leaning to such a plan on the part of some persons in the District, because of their prejudice against negro suffrage, because of their soreness toward the freedmen, because, perhaps, of their idea that such a change might facilitate the growth of the District, increase population, and the value of real estate, where the neighboring counties of Maryland and Virginia are so much prejudiced against negro suffrage, and would prefer, if it could be measurably abolished, to take refuge in the District as a shelter from the laws either of Maryland or Virginia, and, of course, any legislation initiated in Congress relative to the District, where it has exclusive authority, would be both a precedent and an incitement to imitation in the States themselves. We are *obsta principiis*; we are to resist the first dawning of any plan to flank the negro question by ingenious arrangements; and it seems to me we should utter very decisively our protest against the nation setting an example of a government based upon anything but the universal suffrage of its citizens. (Applause). Certainly, in the districts exclusively under the control of the United States, we have a claim that the theory of universal suffrage, without respect to race or color, or previous condition (applause), and of course, as an individual, I should add, without regard to sex (applause)—should be fairly tried. I will leave that resolution on the table.

The first speaker upon whom I will call is the Rev. JOHN T. SARGENT, of Boston, who was unable to address us this morning.

MR. SARGENT.—Mr. President I shall again waive my privilege, if you so consider it, to the platform, for two or three very sufficient reasons. The first is, an indisposition which has been upon me all the afternoon; the second is, the meeting was specially set apart for yourself and my friend Higginson; and the third is, that intimations were given me this morning that Miss Dickinson would say a word this evening. I hope she is here and will do so. I understand, also, that Henry C. Wright desires to say something. These reasons are all sufficient. If there be time in the course of the evening I may, possibly, say a word. I have nothing now specially to say, and I wish these other friends to occupy the time, with the President's sanction, after his own and Mr. Higginson's address.

The PRESIDENT.—Mr. Sargent's modesty always prompts him to give way to everybody else; but if he, in truth, will not speak, I will call upon Col. Higginson to address the Society. (Loud applause).

ADDRESS OF COL. T. W. HIGGINSON.

Mr. Chairman and Ladies and Gentlemen: When I heard Charles Dickens at his first reading in America begin with the quiet sentence, which, by the way he said it, gave him at once the sympathy of every ear, "Marley was dead to begin with, there could be no doubt about that," it flashed into my mind that there was the sufficient beginning, *umtatis umtandis*, for every future speech upon this platform. "*Slavery* is dead, to begin with; there can be no doubt about that." (Applause). That is our reward and our guarantee. It is our "indemnity for the past, and our security for the future." It is our "substance of things hoped for," and our "evidence of things not seen." We Yankees are an impatient race, easily dissatisfied with any good already gained. The year after we had the magnetic telegraph, we were scolding every snowy day because the snow weighed down the wires, and our despatches were delayed an hour in getting through. Slavery is abolished; which, if we could have believed it possible in our life-time, when we looked forward twenty years ago, would have seemed a thing to retire upon, sufficiently happy in that one thought, *slavery is dead;* and we are now dissatisfied because the estate of the deceased is not being administered according to our liking, and because his chattels personal that were (in too many cases, the children of his own body) are still in an unsettled condition, and we have doubts about their future. We ought to feel these doubts and solicitudes, but we ought to feel them all in the light of this one magnificent possession, that nothing can take from us—the certainty of this great salvation. Nothing can ever rob us of that. The hands on the dial of progress may stop there for the rest of our lives, but they will never go backward. "The past, at least, is secure." When I heard, many years ago, Wendell Phillips say to Mr. Garrison, in an Anti-Slavery meeting, "May your eyes not close until they have seen the emancipation of that race you have toiled to save," I felt that the charges of the newspapers were true, and that Wendell Phillips did sometimes exaggerate. We have lived to see that; we rejoice in that actual possession. Others may feel as they may, but I never can feel depressed or even greatly solicitous, on this platform again; and were the news to be flashed over the wires to us to-night that Andrew Johnson was already acquitted, I should "bate no jot of heart or hope," and never doubt that, the greatest thing having been accomplished, the rest of the things could be attended to in the Lord's good time, if we did our duty.

But, Mr. Chairman, looking at the immediate crisis of the hour, and the dangers to which this nation is still exposed, we have to remind ourselves that the true source of these dangers still lies, not in a few truckling politicians at Washington, not in the arch politician who fills the White House—it never lay in them, as the danger never lay in the Websters or in the Calhouns—it lies behind them, in that race of ex-slaveholders at the South, who, hopeless of restoring slavery, still wish to save something of political control; in that race whom we have met in politics and conquered, whom we have met on the battle-field and conquered; but whom we have conquered in both cases with such difficulty, by such long labors, amid so many disappointments, that abolitionists, at least, cannot afford now to underrate their resolution, or deny them the ability they have shown in both these contests, to our cost. We heard to-day of the absence of brains among the white race of the South. The statement was true, as it was made, limited to the industrial pursuits of life, to literature, to art; but it must strike us on second thought as incomplete, unless coupled with the admission, that while the Southern whites have abstained from directing their energies where we have, it has been, in a degree, because they have trained their energies in times past, where we have not, to the pursuits of statesmanship, and afterwards of war. We cannot deny brains to the race who, from the foundation of the government until within a few years, dictated our policy, filled our offices, wrote our State papers, and controlled the course of our government. We cannot deny the possession of ability to those who, during a four years' war, kept at bay a nation of five times

their power, and made it seem, until almost the last six months of the war, doubtful which way it would terminate. They had advantages, it is true, but balanced by what disadvantages! They had interior lines, and a defensive war to wage; but, on the other hand, we had great rivers and coast approaches, so as to reach them by water. They had, it is true, a subject race to build their pits for them; but, on the other hand, that subject race was itself loyal, not to them, but to us, and constituted a weight on our side rather than on theirs. We cannot deny ability to those who out of poverty created at least the funds to carry on their war, though it left them ruined; who had the ability to buy, or borrow, or import somehow, all the instrumentalities they needed—all the weapons, all the machinery, all the men, even, to direct it. We cannot deny ability to the men who, without money, got the control of the European mind and of the English press. We cannot deny ability to those who organized blockade-running into a system, and carried it on with vessels so fast that we could not build any to overtake them. We cannot deny it to men who, with all their previous ignorance of the mechanic arts, created machine shops at Atlanta and elsewhere that were the astonishment of the Northern men who inspected them. I picketted for six months with my regiment the river that protected Port Royal from Charleston, and during all that time, every rebel picket on the other shore could send a bullet to any station where my men stood, and this government could not furnish my men with weapons that would send a ball as far. They could not get them unless they made forays and took them from the enemy. It was not a people without brains who, thus impoverished, had money's worth, when our wealth could not give it to us, in guns and ordnance. No matter what it was; call it audacity, if you please; call it lying, if you please; it showed an ability on the part of the white race at the South that, however limited to their leaders, however embarrassed now by poverty, still is there, so that we have to meet it in the future as we have met it in the past; and though I believe that the more enduring Northern mind will always conquer it, it is not well to underrate antagonists who have cost us so much already.

Mr. Chairman, while I think that experience thus teaches us to deal respectfully with our real opponents, I do not for a moment think that we as abolitionists are called upon to yield the same respect to their Northern instruments, or to recognize them in any way as men too high or too sacred to be criticised by us. I notice that whenever the most ignorant man in Congress leaves the radicals and takes a position with the conservatives he becomes, in the view of every conservative paper of the North, from that instant, a sound statesman, and a man learned in the law. It has always been so. Ever since the Anti-Slavery movement began, it has been our experience that nothing was needed to make a man a great lawyer or a great statesman, except to take sides against us. The very men to whom we now defer as such, the men who lead in the unexpected diversion in favor of the President, are, to some extent, men trained by the Anti-Slavery platform, or under Anti-Slavery leaders. They are men who owe their position and their places to this movement. They are men whose only arguments are the arguments which have been used before them by abolitionists, on the other side. And still we are expected to treat them with submissive deference! Judge Curtis goes on to Washington to make his stately arguments for the acquittal of the President. Mr. Chairman, you and I have had some reason to know Judge Curtis of old. A South Sea Islander, when he was asked once if he knew a certain missionary, said "Yes." "Was he a good man?" "Yes, very good; I ate a piece of him once." "You and I tasted of the law of Judge Curtis when we stood arrayed before him as criminals, and were treated by him as criminals, for doing, in the Fugitive-Slave Law cases, what he now vindicates President Johnson for doing—violating a law that we believed to be unconstitutional. (Applause). And I say, it is impossible for us to reverence men who come before the country as statesmen with arguments that we have offered to them in times past as a poor justification, and seen set aside. The utmost that abolitionists ever asked of any individual officer, be he Judge Curtis or any one else, in the Fugitive Slave Law cases, was, not that he should set that aside on his sole responsibility, but that he should either do his duty in obeying it, or else resign his post. We only asked these men to comply with the forms of the law, or stand aside; to let either their regard for legal accuracy or their consciences speak, and if their consciences spoke, take the consequences, as we did. And we who violated the Fugitive-Slave Law in those stern times did it only with the expectation of doing all that we ask President Johnson to do now—of submitting to the rightful authority of the rightful tribunal, and suffering ourselves the penalty if that tribunal said that we had done wrong. (Applause).

And then again, on the question of criticising these statesmen—a thing for which we see boys in the newspaper offices arraigning Mr. Phillips every day, as if he himself were a boy, and they his rightful superiors—think how the whole course of the Anti-Slavery movement has trained those upon this platform to trust their own perceptions of right and wrong, as against the great and honorable of the land! Where has been the school of statesmanship in times past, in Congress, or on this platform? In Congress, whose great men severally and successively pledged themselves that the Anti-Slavery question was not a subject for legislation, and never should be discussed, or the men here, who ran their one idea across the nation, and ploughed it through Congress? Who was the statesman in those days? Calhoun, who defied the nation to make him even discuss the subject of slavery in Congress, declaring that it should be settled without discussion; Clay, who thought he had ended it by his compromises; Webster, who thought he had ended it when he voted for the Fugitive-Slave Law—were these men, who utterly failed of their great end, personal or political, who did not get the Presidency for themselves, on the one hand, and did not gag the nation on the other; these men, who saw the Anti-Slavery movement swallow up every other question, until Congress talked nothing but slavery, and they had nothing left to themselves but to die disappointed—were they the statesmen, or was it the obscure printer's boy, on this platform, and the young lawyer, and the few insignificant farmers, and mechanics, and women and clergymen, and all the rest of the "ignorant and degraded classes?" Was it they who were the statesmen, or was it the self-styled leaders in the land? And is a movement which has gone through such an experience as this; which for thirty years has been steadily triumphing over the pride and the predictions of politicians, to recognize even the leaders of Congress more than as its peers? We know those leaders, individually. They have registered themselves before now in the terrible memories of abolitionists. More than one man, about whom the nation has until lately doubted, was tried long since in the crucible of this platform, and found wanting. When has Chief Justice Chase had the whole confidence of Abolitionists, since, as Governor of Ohio, he pledged the whole power of the State in defence of Margaret Garner, and then deserted his post, and left her in charge of some little jailor or sheriff, who surrendered her? When has Mr. Fessenden had the confidence of abolitionists, since the long warfare on the pay of colored soldiers, in which he, from whatever motive, led the movement to defraud those men, and disgrace the nation forever? Regiment after Regiment was on the verge of mutiny, because the government, having deliberately pledged it the same pay with white solders—the paltry thirteen dollars a month, without any bounty, changed its mind, and ruled that they should be paid only as Quartermaster's men and plantation laborers, at seven dollars a month. Regiment after regiment—those noble regiments, the 54th (Col. Shaw's) and 55th Massachusetts, my own regiment in South Carolina—were brought into utter despair, and their families at home into the deepest suffering, because the men refused to submit to the degradation of half pay, when they had been promised the treatment of soldiers, and that they should have full pay. Again and again were these facts set before Congress. Again and again were they admitted. Nobody denied them.

The Solicitor of the War Department admitted that the Government had made a contract with the Massachusetts regiments and with my regiment; the entire press of the country, almost, Democratic as well as Republican, recognized the claim of these men to the wages which the Government had contracted to pay them; and Senator Fessenden, through all that long stern conflict, was the leader in the resistance to the just claims of those brave men. There were men in those regiments who had been maimed for life upon the field, and went home to families destitute because they could not get their pay. There were other families left destitute because the husband or father had fallen in battle, and the Government would not pay what it agreed to pay. All these facts were before Congress, yet through it all, Senator Fessenden kept that cold, steady opposition to the just law which the exertions of others at last passed over his head. Is he a man with such claims to statesmanship that Abolitionists, when at last he follows his instincts, and goes yet farther wrong, are to treat him with peculiar reverence? What matter is it what motive actuates a man who thus disregards the plain requirements of duty? What matter is it whether it is money or ambition whether it is pique or envy, whether it is hostility to some other leader of Congress, or some possible acting President? The impulse is the same, and we must judge by the action the source from which it comes. It is thirty years too late, Mr. Chairman, to ask Abolitionists to take for granted that every statesman acts according to his conscience when he acts in behalf of human bondage. It is the old story. We learned to disbelieve that too long ago. The nation is with us now in the decision we pronunced upon the political and the military leaders of the past, it will be with us yet in the decision which the educated conscience of the nation pronounces on those who now fail to do their their duty. (Applause).

This morning, the words that were spoken of individuals, in connection with this impeachment trial, were words of consideration and of kindness. I seek to use no others now. The utmost that Mr. Phillips said of Mr. Fessenden and Mr. Trumbull was that it took them six months to do a noble thing; and, tried by the standard of the adjectives used on the Anti-Slavery platform in past years, I think that is pretty mild talk. What we complain of in any man is, not that, on the investigation of a wholly new question—a question environed with difficulties not before presented—where sound minds and willing hearts may differ, he decides against you or against me; but what we object to and stigmatize as it deserves is, that want of moral stamina that first votes for a portion in the Senate and then takes back the vote, and has not the moral courage to sustain it on the impeachment trial. (Applause). It is the position of the men who committed themselves long ago upon the Tenure of Office bill, who, when it seemed comparatively easy, had the strength and courage to pronounce the removal of Stanton and the attempted substitution of Gen. Thomas the wrong it was—it is the position of these men, in shrinking from the same duty now that we mark as wrong, and that history will condemn. If two and two were four last Febuary, in the mind of a Senator, we ask that they shall make four now. We do not admit such sudden changes in arithmetic. The position of the Southern lady of whom the story was told this morning who could not learn the addition and subtraction tables, and decided that she would hire a Yankee to add and subtract for her, may be accepted for her, but I cannot be accepted now for these Yankees with whom we deal must use the same arithmetic on the impeachment trial that they used before in their stump speeches, when they wished for re-election; or, if they do not, the same memories which, reluctantly but necessarily, treasured up the ill deeds of others in the past, must keep theirs, to show to the world hereafter which of the men of this age proved themselves statesmen, and which were politicans alone.

Mr. Chairman, our immediate duty, as I take it, simply is, to keep right on this course of agitation, until there is nothing left to agitate for in the position of that race whose cause we have espoused, and whose cause has proved itself, as has been said, the patriotism of the nation. We can make no sudden changes in the constitution of men, either at the North or at the South. I do not look to see, in this generation, a race of Southern white men who shall do justice to the negro. I remember a cross-grained little corporal in my regiment who informed me one day, that whatever the rest of the colored soldiers might do, he should not stay at the South after the war was over. "Why not?" I asked him, "Isn't your place here?" "No," he said. "I'se made up my mind dat dese yere secksh will nebber be civilized in my day." (Laughter) That stern criticism of the former master, by the former slave, holds good now, and a quarter of a century hence may see it still hold good. We have to do with a race of men in whom noble and base qualities are singularly mingled—the base predominating; so far as I have seen; but the quality that has the semblance of the noble in it. If they once take a wrong position, and draw others into it, and make sacrifices for it, and give up blood and life and prosperity and position before the world for it, it will make them cling to that cause forever—and if the men do not do it, the women will do it for them. We have that element to deal with in the South. At the North, on the other hand, we have to deal with a race only half educated into the principles of freedom; men willing that the negro should be a man at the South to spite the white men, but not willing that he should be a man at the North, where it offends their prejudices. We have to deal with a race of men only half educated, to whom the Declaration of Independence is still as Choate declared it, a "glittering generality." We have to deal with them, and with the politicians they first elect and then demoralize. A contest, therefore, is still before us; a contest which not the next Presidential election, nor, perhaps the next after is to terminate. People speak as if all were well, and there were little solicitude even about impeachment, because by-and-by General Grant is sure to be nominated, and then by-and-by he is sure to be elected, and then by-and-by he is sure to be inaugurated, and then—something else will happen.

When the little girl who was crying because she hurt her finger, was told by her mother, "Don't cry, it won't hurt you to-morrow," she said, "Well, I won't cry to-morrow." If we are safe after Gen. Grant's election, we will call ourselves safe then. I too believe, with Mr. Phillips, in the safety of long periods of time; in the certainty, sooner or later, of seeing a nation established here that shall be a nation indeed, because it is true to its own Declaration of Independence; but I expect to wait, and to see you wait for years. Before the fulfillment of this expectation, there must be actions and reactions. The wonder is that we have gone through so few of them. I believe that freedom is to triumph, as I believed it in the war, because all the tendencies are setting that way. Those of us who loved freedom did not enlist in the army because freedom had been already declared, but because we knew that it was in the destiny of things, and had got to be declared; and so, enlisting in this great army of toil, whether in politics or some other form, we cannot expect to get every thing at once. I do not suppose, that to all that fine combination of qualities which I believe Gen. Grant to possess for the Presidency, (here I am uttering heresy, to give my friend Mr. Phillips something to talk about), and which makes him, as I think, a surer man to be elected, through the confidence of the people, and then to lead us wisely and well, than any other who can be named—I do not suppose that to all that he adds that perfect comprehension of the crisis, that full readiness to meet the whole demands of the age, which we long for in a President. I do not dare even quite to hope that we shall have, in the Vice-President, or in any other of our great officials, for years to come, the saints and heroes. Why, we have never been able to find even saints and heroes enough to do the scolding handsomely in years gone by; and those of us who have undertaken to do it have turned out, when we were examined closely, to be very poor specimens of heroism and saintship. But God gets his work done in the world by very poor instruments, such as Generals of the United States army and the rest, and I look to see the same progress continue that has carried us thus far, and if we may not live to see the equality before the law, North and South, of all men and women, as we wish, still, we have lived to see slavery abolished. "Slavery is dead, to begin with." That is enough to send you and me to our graves in rejoicing, whatever else happens, and there will be something left for our children to rejoice in, if they work as hard in their place as we have had to work in ours. (Applause).

REV. JOHN T. SARGENT. If my vision does not deceive me, I see Miss Dickinson in one of the rear seats of the hall. I move she come to the platform. (Loud Applause).

SPEECH OF MISS ANNA DICKINSON.

This morning, while I was listening to the talk in this room I noticed—as, indeed, I have noticed on other mornings and evenings when I have been in Anti-Slavery meetings, for the last two or three years—that constant appeals were made, by men, for freedom and justice and right for the freedmen. It seems to me, then, unnecessary to say anything more upon that point; or, rather, that my lips should say anything more upon that point; but that they should say something—I being a woman—for the justice and freedom and right that should be the possession of the freedwomen of the South, where I see full clearly that these same black women, a little while ago slaves, have but exchanged their masters.

The first speech I ever made on an Anti-Slavery platform, I made in behalf of the slave mother—in behalf of her right to her child. I plead, as I remember, with tears streaming down my face, (a face years younger than this that looks on yours now) for this woman; for her right to carry the child in her arms God gave her, and to keep those little ones about her knees that the Good Master sent her. To-night, I stand on the Anti-Slavery platform with the same appeal, with the same prayer; this black woman having no more right in her child, no more control over it now, than then. The white master sold it; the black husband can give it or can will it away. Whatever may be said of the black man of the South, as to his improved condition, his bettered estate, there are few good words or cheering sentences to be uttered in regard to the condition of the black woman. She is scarcely more free now than she was while slavery existed. Her hands are scarcely more her own than when they were bought and sold in the market-place; her labor and its wages scarcely more her own than when the slave-driver's whip was behind her, and her master waiting to gather in the fruit of her toil. I say she has but exchanged masters; and in saying that of the black man, I am not surely uttering aught against his right to the ballot, his right to manhood, his right to power. I am not, in any sense, I think, disparaging the goodness, the bravery, the nobility he has shown in a thousand ways. But however good he may be, however well he has fought for us, for our flag, for his own manhood, slavery is not an admirable teacher of justice and generosity. To be a slave to-day is to be a tyrant, with the opportunity, to-morrow. (Applause). There is no need to go out of your own city of New York to demonstrate that fact. (Renewed Applause). The Irishman who comes here bowed to the dust, ground into the earth by the oppression of England, finding here a class poorer and more helpless than himself, becomes a more bitter and merciless persecutor and tyrant of the black man than England was of himself at home. (Applause). What is true of him, must, of necessity, be equally true of the black man in the South.

I am not using this argument at all to deprive the black man of his political power. I am not using this argument, as a woman, against any man, black or white, holding the ballot in his hand, as the pledge of manhood. I have heard it again and again, listened to it, read it, understood it, expressed in a thousand ways, that by giving the right of suffrage to the black man, by putting the ballot in the hands of these ignorant masses, my right is being withheld from me, or the day of security for woman being put further off. I have heard appeals made, again and again, to the prejudice and bitterness of the community against the black man, to gain the rights of women, which people desire to secure for them. I am not saying what I say to-night on any such ground. If I know myself, I would go wanting all my days, die steeped in misery to the very lips, ere I would gain one right or secure one privilege at the expense of any one more helpless and miserable than myself. (Loud applause). There is no need to put the black man's rights against the black woman's or the white woman's rights. In pleading for one, in gaining the one, you plead for and gain the other. Not only that, you gain infinitely for the black man.

The Constitution and By-Laws of this Anti-Slavery Society, made more than thirty years ago, said, "What we desire, the end towards which we work is, to secure for the black man the rights of white men, and for the black woman, the rights of white women." The black man is rapidly gaining the rights of the white man to-day, and unless he be speedily checked, in a certain direction, he will speedily gain the unbounded arrogance and selfishness of the white man as well. What I want is, to take this absolute power out of the hands of the black man, and give to these black women the right to control their children, the work of their hands, the wages of their toil; and in gaining this good thing for them, you gain, in the end, magnanimity, justice and manhood, in the highest sense, for the black man. I do not come upon this platform, remembering this Constitution and By-Laws, and ask that this American Anti-Slavery Society take upon itself the duty of asserting the right of woman to the suffrage, so far as it touches or concerns myself or any white woman here. Remembering that Constitution and By-Laws, I see that under them or upon them, just as they stand, that would be impossible. But I remember that Richard Steele once said, of a woman pre-eminently beautiful in person and spirit, "To have loved her was a liberal education." So to have loved this Anti-Slavery cause and Anti-Slavery platform has been to every one of us a liberal education in humanity, justice, and the love of our kind. Remembering that, I see that this platform is broad enough to allow this special plea to be put in, this special entreaty urged, in behalf of the suffering, agonizing, toiling, down-trodden freed woman, once slave-mother and wife, of the South. This white woman's cause is gaining thousands of advocates. The gentleman of Fifth Avenue or of Beacon street has infinite courtesy or tenderness for the women of his set or the women of his home. Mr. Sumner stands up and votes for the white woman's right to go to the polls and cast her ballot, on the ground that she owns property, and this property being taxed, she has a right to say how her taxes shall be expended. Mr. Curtis with lips of sweetest eloquence, with a voice which is music itself, stands pleading for the right of the white woman to go to the polls and take part in the government, on the ground that the refinement and purity, the cultivation and superiority of this woman's nature are needed in political life. The latest advocate of woman's rights, in the person of a man, pleads for the right of woman to go to the polls on the ground that it is necessary to have the cultivation and intelligence of white women to offset the brutality, ignorance and degradation of the black man's vote, about to be flung into the government. These white women have many advocates, but their advocates, with scarcely an exception, beg the question, apologize for their cause, put it on some side issue here, on some single plank there; do not rest it upon the broad platform of absolute human right. So listening to these appeals, so seeing these single planks, so hearing this talk about the intelligence, cultivation and property of these white women, I hear above it all, from a single, solitary, suffering black woman in the South, "Behold! is it nothing to you, all you that pass by, that I sit alone and weep?" These black women, without intelligence, in the main, without cultivation, without education, without property, without any such appeal as this to be urged in their behalf, despised for their sex, despised for their condition, despised for their color—where in all the broad universe is there a point upon which one can stand to plead their cause, if it be not here—here, upon this platform, where Anti-Slavery speeches have been made, and Anti-Slavery effort put forth to lift them from their degradation, bondage and despair.

This platform is broad enough to bear this talk, broad enough to bear this appeal; and you, sir, (turning to the President), are broad enough to have me say two or three words in reference to a remark you made here this morning, not exactly to criticise or find fault, but perchance to call out a word in answer, by way of explanation. I should certainly be a base creature, incapable of comprehending nobility of soul; I should be an ingrate, in whom there would be no sense of gratitude, or appreciation of generosity shown or kindness displayed, if I could stand here and accuse the President of this society as an enemy of my sex or an opponent of its cause. I look back gratefully over years of faithful service in our behalf, of earnest speech, of unparalled eloquence. But, sir, I see in paper after paper, and hear from person after person, the assertion made, "Mr. Phillips is deserting you; Mr. Phillips is abandoning your cause, and saying, 'Stand back! it is the black man's hour.'" I say this, sir, not that I need any explanation, or misapprehend your position, but simply because the people who sat in these seats this morning (as people who have sat in other seats, on other mornings), hearing such a remark as you made, without the additions you have made again and again, and incapable of understanding anything beyond the spoken words, will certainly misapprehend them. I would have every word spoken on this platform for the black man, as for the black woman, a bright light, shining steadily, without darkening or breaking, as one sees the watch-light pouring its blaze across the water, in the dusk of summer eves and the crisp splendor of winter nights, month after month, year after year. Perchance, one night, the the keeper forgets, and the oil burns out. Perchance there is a storm. One sees no ship, one hears no signal gun, no cry of distress, no appeal for help; but two weeks, two months, six months, a year, perchance, thereafter, there comes a letter from some far-off point saying that on such a night, such a light was out, and a ship went down. I know what the light of this society means, and I would have it burn so steadily, that no matter whether the traveller stands still to look, or passes by in haste, no matter from what position he may look, he will see this light shining on and on, through every day and every night, until for the black man and the black woman alike, there shall be "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." (Loud applause).

[*To be concluded next week.*]

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

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THE NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

BOSTON, May 27th, 1868.

The New England Anti-Slavery Convention here to-day is largely attended. There is much interest manifested, and eloquent addresses are being made by MESSRS. PHILLIPS, SARGENT, FOSTER, TIFFANY, SHAMWAY, BURLEIGH, and others.

A. M. P.

GRANT AND COLFAX.

CHICAGO has nominated Grant and Colfax for President and Vice-President. That is, the men who wish to get possession of the government without being definitely pledged to anything, have availed themselves of General Grant's popularity to effect their object. Hence our Presidential candidate. For the Vice-Presidency, Mr. Justice Chase and his seven conspirators have nominated Colfax. A repentant Nation, sadly mindful of the cheat practiced on it and HAMLIN in 1864, would gladly have atoned for that sin by putting his honored name there. A Nation indignant at the treachery of two weeks ago—a treachery dictated by spite against Mr. WADE, would have been proud to flare its fierce rebuke in the faces of Trumbull and Fessenden by lifting WADE'S name on the party banner. But the party had neither nobility, nor the courage enough for either course. It stood cap in hand to its traitors and begged to know how they could be *conciliated!* It was this policy of *conciliation* which betrayed HAMLIN once before, and went down to the "grocery corners" of Tennessee to dig up this drunken nightmare which rides us to-day. We commend the historical reminiscence to Mr. Colfax's attention.

Both nominations—Grant and Colfax—are defended on the ground of *availability*; fear that more Radical men could not succeed. We deny it; unless the dry-rot of Ross, Trumbull and Fessenden has spread through the party much further than its friends are willing to allow.

The second clause in the Chicago platform, relative to suffrage, means something or nothing according to circumstances. There is nothing in the lives or characters of Grant and Colfax to give it any meaning. If, by any marvellous chance, the Democratic party should attempt to outbid its rival on that point, the words of the clause will become vital—*things*, not shadows. If party need shall make the black vote as indispensable next fall and the coming year as the black rifle was in 1864 and 1865, reluctant politicians now, like reluctant soldiers then, will sell their prejudices for success. A rich black lobby will so anoint Senatorial eyes that none will mistake the Democratic side of the Chamber for the Republican side, as seven men did two weeks ago. A negro holding offices of trust, and specially of profit, in his gift, will make Trumbull and Fessenden masquerade as statesmen for a month or more. But until that millenial period, the responsibility rests on us, the loyal masses, to give all the meaning we can to these empty words. We have never gained anything from the justice of the party. So much the more need that we take every advantage of its fears.

The pledge we ought to have had should have been a Constitutional Amendment, securing to the Negro ballot, education, land. Without this last, seven or ten years will put him so much in the power of the rebel land-holder that one of two things must happen. Either the whole labor system of the South will remain dislocated and in anarchy, causing starvation and blighting those ten States; or the white landlords, coercing labor into submission, will create an aristocratic, malignant and rebel power to take the place and carry out, if possible, the plots of the defeated Slave Power.

The disavowal of repudiation sounds well. But the word always reminds us that Mr. Fessenden's modesty has led him to allow Pendleton and Vallandigham to steal his laurels. As veracious annalists we hasten to put back this civic crown on the right brow. The first and great American Repudiator, on a National arena, is William Pitt Fessenden. To be sure, unlike Jefferson Davis in Mississippi, he practised it only on a safe, because a weak, object. Davis cheated foreign bondholders, who, if they could not right themselves, could make his name infamous the world over. Fessenden, a sharper peddlar, came down on a few negroes, the Massachusetts Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth Regiments. It was enough for them to be allowed to fight for Maine lawyers and their cousins. Presumptuous in such fellows to ask for their pay! We can save some half million and the London *Times* will never hear of it! The Evening *Post* can be *influenced* to argue that it is legal. The shrewd lawyer! What a convenient conscience he keeps! How adroitly he leaves the ugly name Repudiator to Pendleton and his tribe. Fagin! Fagin! how much brighter you would have become by serving only one term as a New England Senator at Washington! Alas, for the lost opportunities of genius!

But other debts beside money ones may be repudiated. Allegiance and protection are co-extensive. We owe the white loyalist protection. We owe the black voter protection. How has the Republican party paid those debts? By Memphis, New Orleans, Texas, Alabama; our allies exiled, starved, scourged, shot. Who did it? Johnson? They acquit him; William Pitt Fessenden—the original Repudiator—marshalling the defence. Who stood by and, while fully able, at any moment by ten words, to prevent it—sat still—recorded it done and done without punishment? Grant. Him, the dumb tool in a traitor's hands for twenty bloody months, they nominate for the next President! But *this party*, mind you, never *repudiates!* It pays its debts in Wall street, *which it fears.* And it will pay its debts to Southern loyalists, black and white, whenever it is *prudent!* Fessendens and Rosses think such honorable action *will pay.* At present the party's whole force is expended in *conciliating* traitor Judges and Senators. At a more convenient season they will attend to these trifles. Don't trouble the Honorable Senator just now. He is whitening Johnson, "painting the lilly." Stand afar off thou graceless Pendleton. We never repudiate MONEY debts. That is dangerous. Money kings can hit back. The Negro has no friends. Let him go to the wall, starve, or be shot. Who cares?

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

IMPEACHMENT.

THE "High Court of Impeachment" adjourned *sine die* on Tuesday the 26th inst., having voted to acquit the President on the Second and Third articles, as well as the Eleventh, and abandoned all the rest. The vote on the Second and Third was the same as upon the Eleventh; thirty-five for conviction, and nineteen for acquittal. We greatly regret that through a technicality of the Constitution, which requires a two-third, instead of a majority vote, with the defection of Republican Senators, Johnson will still be able to retain possession of the Executive office. We do not regret, however, that the trial has taken place. Though the Court, by infamous treachery, is rendered powerless to remove the red-handed usurper and at once put an end to his misrule, the faithful exhibition of the real character of the Criminal, and the votes of the thirty-five Senators for his Conviction will serve in some degree to preserve the honor of the nation, and to indicate that as a people we are not wholly lost to the sense of humiliation and shame. Enough has already transpired to establish the essential fact that Johnson's acquittal has been through most disgraceful treachery and by the agency of purchased allies. The details of the transaction may have been so adroitly managed as to baffle detection in every particular, but of the shameful fact of a purchased defection there will be no doubt in the public mind. In the verdict of the people, more than the impeachment of Andrew Johnson has been accomplished. With him, pilloried, as apostates and renegades in the political history of the nation stand Fessenden, Trumbull, with their five Senatorial comrades, and Chief Justice Chase. Nothing in the Fugitive Slave Law of Kansas and Nebraska times can parallel their infamy.

We regret most of all, the added weight of sorrow which this turn of affairs will place upon the long suffering colored people and the hated loyal whites of the South. The confusion and shame that it will bring to the Republican party will be no matter of regret. It is richly deserved. Republicans generally are led to the right path through bitter disappointment, and the moral coercion of Radical opinion.

The present failure will not absolve Congress and the Republican party from responsibility for the suffering and misrule which will attend the continuation of Johnson in office. The intervening months between this and the Fourth of March next, fraught with so much of good or ill as affecting the Nation's welfare, are too important to allow of a passive acquiescence in the purchased verdict of Johnson's allies. We demand their prompt expulsion from the Senate Chamber, and that he be again arraigned upon new articles of impeachment and deposed.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

MANKIND will hold this nation to a strict account if it fails to depose from office its traitor President. If the construction of our government is such that this cannot be done legally and constitutionally, then this Nations's experiment of popular government is, to this extent, a failure; and we should lay our hands upon our mouths, and cease our boastings over our statesmanship. If he cannot be deposed because the people's servants in the Senate are false to their high trust, then the nation can justify itself before mankind only by its future dealing with those recreant servants, and by its future loyalty to the principles of justice which Andrew Johnson and his allies have dared to defy.

The first part of its work of justification it will do with alacrity. Already the Republican party is hurling its thunder-bolts of political death upon the faithless SEVEN; already the betrayed and indignant PEOPLE are engraving their names upon a roll of infamy; while from Maine to Kansas, loyal hearts are shouting, as with one voice, their sentence of condemnation. This is the least difficult part of the Nation's work of self-justification, its work of reparation. Will it address itself with equal fervor and strength to the greater task of demanding and enforcing the equal rights of all men? The party which gave us Andrew Johnson in the place of Hannibal Hamlin, enrolls and leads nearly the entire loyal masses of the land. What works meet for repentance does it propose to do in this hour of its humiliation, this hour of peril to the Nation? Does it call upon those masses to make all possible atonement to the victim race which the Nation has so long oppressed? Does it propose to incorporate in the Federal Constitution, the strongest possible security for the political and civil rights of the black man in the North and South and throughout the domain of our National jurisdiction? The Chicago platform answers these questions. It endorses the guarantee of Congress for equal suffrage to all loyal men in the South; it concedes that justice and gratitude towards the Southern black man demand this; but it proposes no Constitutional guarantee for his protection, and is utterly oblivious of any obligations of gratitude or justice towards the colored soldiers of the North which would require that the ballot, the symbol of freedom, should be extended to them. Judging the Republican party by its recently promulgated declaration of principles, as we have the right to do, it is willing to admit to representation in Congress the lately rebel States, on the conditions imposed by Congress, without the security of a provision in the United States Constitution which shall protect the Southern black man's right of suffrage, and render it impossible to change the most important of those conditions without the consent of two-thirds of the Nation. This is the fatal defect of the platform; the fatal error of the party. The leaders of the party freely acknowledge some of their past errors, and mourn over their sad results; yet their vision is too dim to discern clearly the demands of the present hour, or to foresee the needs of the future. Had they dared, hitherto, to trust the principles of absolute justice, their eyes would now be endowed with power to see the path wherein lies their own real safety and the Nation's true prosperity. Thus far, every concession of justice to the colored man has been wrung from this Nation by fear or stern necessity; and, as each forward step is taken, political leaders tremble in view of the next. The Republican party has lately reaped a terrible harvest from its own sowing. It should have learned higher wisdom from this experience.

M. G.

THE Hon. Edward M. Stanton, on the 26th inst., sent to the President his resignation of the office of Secretary of War. He stated as a reason for so doing that two-thirds of the Senate, voting on impeachment, had failed to support the resolution of the 21st of February last, denying the power of the President to remove the Secretary of War and designate any other officer *ad interim*. He has, therefore, turned over the archives of the office to Brig. Gen. E. D. Townsend, pending a regular confirmation to the Secretaryship. Though treachery has thus defeated, for the time being, the promise of a better order of things in governmental affairs, the country will bear in grateful remembrance the persistent endurance of Secretary Stanton during the "dark hours" ushering in the Impeachment Trial, and posterity will award him honorable place in history for his unswerving devotion to principle.

WE invite the attention of our readers to the letter of our well-informed Washington correspondent, *Asmodeus*, in another column, which will be found of unusual significance.

We are again obliged to defer the favors of several correspondents, and much other interesting matter to make room for the Anniversary proceedings.

PERSONAL.

Whittier has written a poem on Speaker Colfax.

Frederick Douglass has purchased a property in Vineland, N. J., to which he will soon remove.

Henry Wm. Longfellow who, on the 26 inst, sailed for Europe was taken leave of at a private farewell dinner given by a few friends just before his departure, at which a beautiful tribute (verse) was read by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

CHARLES LENOX REMOND while on his way to attend the recent Anniversary Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society had his pocket picked on leaving the train at Syracuse, N. Y. His wallet contained a small sum of money and a through ticket to New York. He subsequently recognized the thieves, and caused them to be arrested by the Syracuse police, and to be held for trial.

Mrs. Kemble has just inherited from an aged relative in England valuable articles of property, among which are a pair of gloves that were owned and worn by William Shakespeare. We believe they are stage-gloves—part of the theatrical wardrobe of the old actor. Garrick owned them at one time, and they were afterward in the possession of Mrs. Siddons.

In the Illinois Methodist Conference on the 21st inst., Rev. Mr. Bingham, of Black River, offered a very strong resolution condemnatory of the use of tobacco, and asking the General Conference to prohibit by law the admission of any candidate to the ininistry who is addicted to the use of tobacco in any form, and classing it with other forms of intemperance. It was referred to a special committee on that subject.

Emily Howland in a private letter to a friend says:

I have just finished reading Mr. Phillip's speech as reported in the daily *Tribune*. I fancy the report gives but a meagre idea of it. "How nobly munificent Anna Dickinson is! She really feels herself the steward of her powers and of all they bring. Long may her voice be spared to plead with an unbelieving world, and to declare the counsels of justice and truth. If some grow weary and leave the work, others rise up to carry it forward. I really believe that most people as they grow old become weary of the battle and incline to conservatism. How Henry Ward Beecher has lost the power that once drew thousands to hear his appeals, all opening and beautiful to what was best and noblest in the soul."

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, May 24th, 1868.

THE moon and the wind seem to have agreed that Anniversary week shall be as stormy as usual, and as moist and muddy as the three weeks that have preceded it. We are reminded of the minister who said, after an unwelcome profusion of water had followed his prayer for rain, that he had indeed requested the Lord to open the bottles of heaven, but had not desired him to throw away the stoppers. We are used, however, to this aqueous dispensation in the closing week of May, and don't mind it; especially as the rain of this festival does not, like Sunday rain, peril the health to the extent of keeping people from "assembling themselves together." Let the weather be what it will, these meetings are crowded with young men and maidens, and with men and women who, in Mr. Parker's phrase, are no longer young. Every church and every hall is filled to its utmost capacity, and every class of thinkers and workers finds here some special attraction. Eloquence abounds, information on many subjects is disseminated, and money is poured out like water to uphold the operations here represented.

Among the eminent speakers from other States who will help in drawing these great crowds together, are Judge Bond of Baltimore, who will address the New England Branch of the Freedmen's Union Commission, Rev. Robert Collyer of Chicago, who is to give a lecture before the Young Men's Christian Union, and Rev. Mr. Tyng of your city, whose Christian zeal and vigor are proving more than a match for the canons of his church. For the New England Anti-Slavery Convention we are to have the good old speakers (and where could better be found?) with one younger brother who seems to feel a hearty interest in the cause, Rev. Francis Tiffany, and I hope our excellent Old-coubtry friend, Richard D. Webb, of Dublin.

The Massachusetts Colonization Society, I am happy to see, find no encouragement to hold a public meeting. Their business meeting, in a small, obscure room, will probably find nothing to detain it after the choice of officers. Parsons Blagden and Adams, no doubt, would still willingly appear to speak in its behalf, but the business men here, even of their churches, are too shrewd to pay any more money for such a purpose. Now that the glamour of slavery is removed from their eyes, they see that contributions to send the laborers of a country away from the country are not a paying investment; and some of them have made the further discovery that natives of the United States, have a right to stay, and live, and work, and vote in the United States, irrespective of their complexion.

The Unitarians of this city have been very active of late, not only in diffusing the ideas which they call "liberal Christianity", but in various good works not

limited by creed or sect. One of the results of their energy is the reconstruction or reanimation of the "Young Men's Christian Union", which has had for many years a name to live, but which never did much to justify its name. The Society has now new and commodious rooms in a central locality, containing a considerable library, with pamphlets, magazines and newspapers, among which I saw the STANDARD. Their plan of operations includes the assignment of several evenings of the week to meetings for specific purposes of instruction or amusement, or both. Once a week there is to be free discussion of some question of popular interest; and the subject for the next meeting, announced by placards, is whether the right of suffrage in this country should have any limit of property or education. By and by, perhaps, they will be disposed to consider whether the franchise should be limited by color, or by sex. It remains to be seen whether the literature in their library and reading room will be limited by sectarian considerations, according to the custom of the "Young Men's Christian *Associations*".

I told you, a fortnight ago, of some of the triumphs of our great Musical Festival. Last week we had an exhibition which gives pleasant evidence that the foundation of knowledge and taste in music is systematically laid, and well laid, in our public shools; this was the public performance, by a choir of twelve hundred of the children of these schools, of some of the pieces embraced in their course of instruction. The exhibition was given in the Music Hall, and the choir was supported by the Organ and an orchestra. It was not a mere show-exhibition, giving an appearance of great acquisitions through extraordinary special preparation. Little more time had been spent upon it than was absolutely necessary to bring so large a number of pupils, taken from many different schools, into concert of action. But the result was very highly gratifying, showing that these children had made real proficiency in the reading and understanding of music. This display was not merely a simultaneous shouting of easy and familiar airs, patriotic or sacred; it was the accurate and intelligent rendering of good and even high music; and if such thoroughness in the study and practice of music shall be continued as a part of our common school instruction, the piano may yet become a blessing instead of a nuisance in the household; really fine music may be the accustomed solace of many a family circle; our congregational singing will become less of an offence to good taste; and we may rival the taste and skill of our German friends in vocal and instrumental performance of many treasures of melody and harmony hitherto unknown to us. NORTH.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 26th, 1868.

Impeachment is defeated. The recent articles were buried to-day beneath an adjournment *sine die*. "The cohesive power of public" and private "opinion," produced this. Sufficient is known with certainty to show that the vilest collusion and corruption could alone have effected a result so fatal. Few men here seem to realize how terrible a blow has been levelled at the Nation by this endorsement of Johnson's direct usurpations and his far more daring assumptions of autocratic and imperial powers. The blow has only fallen short of being fatal by the accompanying circumstances under which it was struck. The frightful elements of corruption which fester in the body politic are so shamelessly exhibited that the Nation must be aroused to the terrible dangers that impend.

Your correspondent long since pointed out the corrupt influences that were bosom friends of Edmund G. Ross of Kansas. What the devil purchases he finally owns. Though the mortgage runs long, at some time or the other it is sure to be foreclosed. Ross has had to meet the bond. He is bartered, sold and owned as a United States Senator, just as much as a sheep is by a butcher. And such puny accidents as he; such maggots bred of corruption's slime, are the instruments by which the peace of a Nation is imperiled; and through whose acts come the dread portents of revolution. He is not worth wasting words over. Only the evil he does warrants an allusion. The Great Cause he hinders to-day, will to-morrow march over his ashes. So with the others, some of whom may have been acted upon by similar influences, but the principal of whom are actuated by positive, if to themselves unanalyzed, hostility to the Republican idea. They are monarchists by temperaments, belong to the sticklers for privilege, prerogative and precedent, are supporters of wealth and influence, stand by personal authority, regard individual will and opinion as of more consequence that the *vox populi*, and have become embittered because others do not believe as they do and will not accept their *ipse dixit* as the height of wisdom. You will find now and in the divisions of the near future, that every one of these men will favor restriction of the people's power and will desire to transform all rights into privileges, which a class may control. The defeat of impeachment argues the opening of another revolutionary period. When will Americans learn once for all that all the dangers to which their government and country is exposed come from the Anti-Republican tendencies which slavery fostered, and which events like this acquittal of Andrew Johnson so rapidly develope. The crafty, astute, sagacious and unbending demagogue, whom the bullet of Wilkes Booth placed in the White House—impolite and unpolished as he is—has well understood the elements he had to deal with and the purposes he aims at. He has given up no jot or tittle thereof. Why should he? He is sustained in his evil designs, and stands now prepared to go forward in the reaction he leads. *The acquittal of Andrew Johnson is almost certain to inaugurate civil war.* The only preventive of this lies in a possible and successful reopening of the case by another impeachment. That result is very uncertain. What is the next step in the tragedy inaugurated by the purchased vote of Ross, the seduced one of Fowler, the stupid one of Van Winkle; that of Henderson, debauched by hopes of being at the head of new and startling political combinations, and those others three, dictated by their malice and tempermental dislike of genuine republicanism? Let us see.

Johnson is a man who never learns anything but what favors his own purposes and ideas. The only wisdom in the world is that furnished by Johnson. He is astute enough to comprehend most vigorously certain reactionary tendencies. On these he stands and wins, or will until the final crash comes. He seeks a definite purpose. What he aims at commends itself to a much larger element than many suppose. *He seeks the Restoration, not the Reconstruction of the Union.* Not for nothing do his defenders perpetually quote the dirt-eating resolution of 1861, passed after the Bull Run defeat. It is the Republic of 1860, not what was indicated by the war as needed, he is after. He therefore means to and will resist the final consummation of the reconstruction policy. There are now six States applying for admission to representation. They will none of them get into Congress. Johnson has debauched the Senate. The two-thirds vote there is broken up. Over his veto, bills will not pass. Wooley, Perry Fuller, Shook & Co., will not let such men as Ross, Fowler & Co. go free. The mortgage is foreclosed, all the premises are under seizure. The only possible way to prevent their being used is to go out and hang themselves. That virtue died out with Judas Iscariot. In all probability they will go somewhere else and enjoy the reward bestowed upon them.

If the six States now applying cannot get in over a veto, then the law requiring the President's approval to a bill admitting them cannot be repealed, and they cannot get in by a concurrent resolution. What is the next step in the game? The re-recognition of Mr. Johnson's restored government and their election again of members of Congress, who will be forced into their seats by the often threatened coup d'etat, now to be attempted with the demoralized Senate's indorsement of his right to interpret or disobey law, and aided by a party aroused and excited by the heat of a Presidential election. The Democratic party will endorse at the New York Convention, Johnson policy. If they do not nominate him they will his creature. The Southern States disorganized, cannot have by law their votes cast or counted in the electoral Colleges. They will vote—disfranchised or otherwise—under the Johnson made Status. These votes may elect a Democratic President. What would follow the legal refusal to count their vote in the House of Representatives? Resistance of course to the inauguration of the President elected by loyal voters. The cry would be raised that the Union was dissolved by the Radicals, and an appeal to arms made by the Man who it is well understood would stop at nothing to perpetuate his own power.

Men laugh probably at these things. Well, they are but mole-eyed mentally. Like bats they see only in darkness. So they laughed when Wendell declared the "South victorious" in 1865. So they smiled when a few men declared in 1861, that we were in for a long and bloody strife. It is too characteristic of the ordinary American mind to underrate its foes. Unless the folly of Johnson will be too swift, and I do not believe it will now, we shall see much of peril impend over the Republic between this and the next Fourth of March.

The Republic is in danger. The lawyers have betrayed it. The Supreme Court, which Jefferson justly feared to be our Trojan horse, has combined with Senators—our political aristocracy, and together they have imperialized the executive office, so far as a legal endorsement and precedent will enable them to do so. The Southern Question is the one by which the endorsement thus obtained will be made into aggressive policy. Seward achieves what he has long worked for. A vote of one third of the Senate has virtually imperialized the government. Johnson and those behind him are sure not to let the grass grow beneath their feet, and from questioning, they will demand that he be recognized as King.

The mistaka made all through has been the want of organization among the Radicals. The most numerous portion of the National party, they are constantly slaughtered by the Conservatives.

Besides this fearful betrayal in the Senate, which is a case in point, the Chicago Convention and its results are another proof. Radicalism was much the dominating feeling there but it never crystallized into organization. So it has been beaten all the time, on candidates and platform alike. Grant need never have been the nominee. He would not have been only the Radicals would allow themselves to be beaten in detail. The same thing caused the defeat of Wade—whose name represented the aggressive ideas. Colfax was put in because he is so "eminently respectable" as to arouse no one's prejudices, and the same view manipulated the platform. The second resolution is especially obnoxious. It is cowardly and untruthful and it was decidedly uncalled for. It was even inexpedient, for a resolution in general terms would have expressed it better than this palpable lie. All results from the want of organization. To save us, we need this concert of action; from want of which we are always slaughtered.

Gen. Butler holds the highest hopes of the results of the pending investigation into the corruption used to affect impeachment. With Gov. Boutwell and the remaining members of the committee, he is determined to pursue the matter until the end. Already the facts established justify all that has been charged. Before it closes you will see unearthed a corrupt combination, so vile, as to shock even the most callous. It will not be well to enter into details that I hear. ASMODEUS.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, May 25, 1868.

THE Republicans of this city seem to be well satisfied with the Chicago nominations. Very general gratification is expressed regarding the selection of Colfax, whose name is invariably associated with words of praise and admiration. I have not heard a single murmur of disappointment concerning Curtin's failure, although, preposterous as it may seem, many here actually believed he would be placed on the ticket. It is confidently stated that he himself had undisguised faith in his success, and probably no man's disappointment exceeds his own. The office of Vice-President has long been the dream of his ambition. He filled the position of governor of this State acceptably, but it seemed like the shallowest absurdity to promote his aspirations after this higher and national station. He is primarily a politician; distinctively a party man, with all the instincts of a cautious and calculating partisan, who would avoid every hinderance to his political advantage.

This attempt to place his name on the ticket at Chicago was a politician's movement, created, nursed, sustained and put forward by them, and happily it was a decided failure. Our Philadelphia engineers were no doubt considerably crestfallen thereat, and in view of the efforts they made in behalf of promoting their darling object, extending a long way back so far as mere talking was concerned, it is somewhat surprising that their exertions proved so futile. But their cause was inherently weak. They could make no favorable impression on the Convention, nor even pinion the refractory spirit existing in their own delegation. They should have shown better judgment in the beginning, for they must have known that a man like Curtin was not wanted for Vice-President. One representative of the conservative or lagging element on the ticket is sufficient.

Any efforts that aim to correct the evil management of local politics are worthy of applause. I suppose it is idle to expect the entire rooting out of corruption therefrom, since it thrives with such tenacious and unbaffled vigor, beginning with the lowest stratum, and extending through every gradation, infecting Senatorial dignity, defiling the Presidential office, and even tarnishing the robe of the Chief-Justice. Fitting exertions, however, need not languish through discouragement.

The Union League of this city is an influential organization, numbering nearly two thousand members. At the special meeting held at the League House on Thursday evening, which was largely attended, several resolutions were adopted, and a committee of fifty-six were appointed to give them practical effect. The primary aim is to encourage the formation of a ticket for the coming municipal election, "composed throughout of men not only upright, but beyond suspicion or reproach; of men whom office seeks rather than men who are seeking office." One resolution reads as follows:

"That it is the sense of this meeting that the Union League and its members will not support any but unexceptionable candidates; and that should any persons unfortunately obtain nominations whose characters or reputations render them unfit, or who have obtained their nominations through improper means, they must not rely upon the assistance of the Union League to secure their election."

Politicians here recognize and acknowledge the importance of the League's support, as well as the weight of its influence, and they cannot turn a scornful or indifferent eye upon its purposes. That notorious "Ring," which seems impressed with the idea that all our local offices belong to its immediate control, and that no voice in naming candidates is authority but its own, ought to be shorn of its cherished prerogative. At all events we can entertain the hope that the recent action of the Union League may be fruitful of good results, and that the offensive features pertaining to the management of our local elections may be swept away. W.

LETTER FROM JOHN STUART MILL.

AT the second Anniversary of the American Equal Rights Association, held in this city on the 14th inst., the following letter from John Stuart Mill was read by Lucy Stone, to whom it was addressed:

"AVIGNON, April 14, 1868.

"Dear Madam: I have had the pleasure of receiving your letter of the 23d ult.

"I beg to express not only my earnest wishes, but my confident hopes, for the success of the efforts which the American Equal Rights Association is carrying on to obtain the full right of citizenship for every subject of the United States; and especially for that moiety of the nation who, though the imaginary disqualification of difference of race and blood cannot be alleged in their case, are denied a voice in those public interests which concern them in the same manner and in the same degree as the other moiety.

"In this country the political enfranchisement of women is gaining ground rapidly in public opinion; and if the cause is thus prospering in the Old Country, which has never yet professed to ground its political institutions on principles of equal justice, but chiefly on historical precedent, how much more ought it to prosper in the United States, the very foundation of whose institutions is the equality of all human beings in the eye of the law and of the Constitution, and who proclaimed that great doctrine in the memorable document by which they first asserted their existence as a nation.

"There is no true democracy when large classes of the community are denied equality of political rights. Every government which permanently divides its people into a governing part and a governed part, is an aristocratic government, by whatever name it may be called; and I am convinced that the people of the United States, of both parties, are capable of seeing this, and attached as they both are to the general principles of democratic government, only need a persevering appeal to their reason and their good feelings, to induce them to free the Constitution from the remains of the old system of privileged orders and arbitrary disqualifications.

"I am, dear madam, sincerely and respectfully yours,

J. S. MILL.

THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

THE National Republican Convention assembled at Chicago on the 20th instant, and nominated for President, Gen. U. S. GRANT; and for Vice President, the Hon. SCHUYLER COLFAX.

The following is

THE PLATFORM,

The National Republican Party of the United States, assembled in National Convention in the city of Chicago, on the 20th day of May, 1868, make the following declaration of principles:

1. We congratulate the country on the assured success of the reconstruction policy of Congress, as evinced by the adoption, in the majority of the States lately in rebellion, of Constitutions securing equal civil and political rights to all; and it is the duty of the government to sustain those Constitutions and to prevent the people of such States from being remitted to a state of anarchy. (Cheers.)

2. The guarantee by Congress of equal suffrage to all loyal men at the South was demanded by every consideration of public safety, of gratitude, and of justice, and must be maintained, while the question of suffrage in all the loyal States properly belongs to the people of those States. (Cheers.)

3. We denounce all forms of repudiation as a national crime (prolonged cheers), and the national honor requires the payment of the public indebtedness in the utmost good faith to all creditors at home and abroad, not only according to the letter, but the spirit of the laws under which it was contracted. (Applause.)

4. It is due to the labor of the nation that taxation should be equalized and reduced as rapidly as the national faith will permit.

5. The national debt, contracted, as it has been, for the preservation of the Union for all time to come, should be extended over a fair period for redemption; and it is the duty of Congress to reduce the rate of interest thereon when it can be honestly done.

6. That the best policy to diminish our burden of debt is to so improve our credit that capitalists will seek to loan us money at lower rates of interest than we now pay, and must continue to pay, so long as repudiation, partial or total, open or covert, is threatened or suspected.

7. The government of the United States should be administered with the strictest economy, and the corruptions which have been so shamefully nursed and fostered by Andrew Johnson call loudly for radical reform.

8. We professedly deplore the untimely and tragic death of Abraham Lincoln, and regret the accession of Andrew Johnson to the Presidency, who has acted treacherously to the people who elected him, and the cause he was pledged to support—who has usurped high legislative and judicial functions—who has refused to execute the laws—who has used his high office to induce other officers to ignore and violate the laws—who has employed his executive powers to render insecure the property, the peace, liberty, and life of the citizen—who has abused the pardoning power—who has denounced the National Legislature as unconstitutional—persistently and corruptly resisted, by every measure in his power, every proper attempt at the reconstruction of the States lately in rebellion—who has perverted the public patronage into an engine of wholesale corruption, and who has been justly impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors, and properly pronounced guilty thereof by the vote of thirty-five Senators.

9. The doctrine of Great Britain and other European powers, that because a man is once a subject, he is always so, must be resisted at every hazard by the United States, as a relic of the feudal times, not authorized by the law of nations and at war with our national honor and independence. Naturalized citizens are entitled to be protected in all their rights of citizenship as though they were native born, and no citizen of the United States, native or naturalized, must be liable to arrest and imprisonment by any foreign Power, for acts done or words spoken in this country; and if so arrested and imprisoned it is the duty of the government to interfere in his behalf.

10. Of all who were faithful in the trials of the late war, there were none entitled to more especial honor than the brave soldiers and seamen who endured the hardships of campaign and cruise, and imperiled their lives in the service of the country. The bounties and pensions provided by law for these brave defenders of the nation are obligations never to be forgotten. The widows and orphans of the gallant dead are the wards of the people, a sacred legacy bequeathed to the nation's protecting care.

11. Foreign emigration, which in the past has added so much to the wealth, development and resources, and increase of power to this nation, the asylum of the oppressed of all nations, should be fostered and encouraged by a liberal and just policy.

12. This Convention declares itself in sympathy with all the oppressed people which are struggling for their rights.

The following resolutions were added, on motion of Gen. Carl Schurz:

Resolved, That we highly commend the spirit of magnanimity and forbearance with which the men who have served in the rebellion, but now frankly and honestly cooperating with us in restoring the peace of the country and reconstructing the Southern State governments upon the basis of impartial justice and equal rights, are received back into the communion of the loyal people; and we favor the removal of the disqualifications and restrictions imposed upon the late rebels in the same measure as their spirit of loyalty will direct, and as may be consistent with the safety of the loyal people. (Cries of good, good.)

Resolved, That we recognize the great principles laid down in the immortal Declaration of Independence as the true foundation of democratic government, and we hail with gladness every effort toward making these principles a living reality on every inch of American soil.

LITERARY.

SERMONS BY NEWMAN HALL, D. D. Cloth, 295 pp. New York: Sheldon & Co.

That a desire for the Sermons of the above well-known Minister, should follow his visit to our country is but natural, and their publication in book form will be a gratification to the many.

The collection includes all the principal discourses pronounced by him while in the United States, and their value is added to by the careful revision which the Author, through the countesy of the publishers, has been able to give the entire volume. The discourses are preceded by an interesting account of Surrey Chapel and its institutions, and a few extracts of his muse, principally sonnets and hymns, close the book. In his dedicatory to the *Clergy and Christian people of the United States* Mr. Hall thus feelingly alludes to his recent visit to America:

"Now that I am once more settled in my home and the ordinary work of my church, my late visit to you sometimes appears a dream. Yet it a holy and gratefully prized reality. I shall never forget the generous welcome afforded me by the clergy of the various churches, irrespective of denominational distinctions; how they opened to me their pulpits, and honored me by many expressions of devout and fraternal kindness. Nor shall I forget the sympathetic crowds of hearers who gathered together to listen to a stranger from the Old World".

The volume is issued in a handsome manner from the well-known press of Sheldon & Co. of this City, and, breathing as it does the very essence of Christian faith and charity, cannot but be a welcome visitant to many households.

Lippincott's Magazine for June presents a variety of attractive articles. The gem of this number however is the poem by Swinburne, entitled "Sienna". Among the items in "Our Monthly Gossip" we find the following, given to illustrate the ignorance of some English people concerning the United States:

"The following is a literal transcription of a dialogue which occured in Paris: Time, 1864—scene, the reading-room of the Grand Hotel. American lady seated by the window reading the *Herald*—English lady at the table turning over a file of the *London Times*. Enter colored nurse, black as the ace of spades, gives message to American lady, and exit.

English lady to American: "I *beg* your pardon, madam, but will you tell me if that colored person is from the Confederate States?"

American lady: "No, madam, she is from the city of Philadelphia".

English lady: "Indeed! Are all the people of Philadelphia that color?"

The June number of the *Galaxy* well justifies the commendations that have been bestowed upon this enterprising periodical. It contains the concluding chapters of Mrs. Edwards interesting story—"Steven Lawrence"; a pleasing article on "Grass and Wild Flowers"; a sketch of "Jarocho Life"; "Forced Marches"—a narrative of army life and military exploits in Louisiana; plea for improvements in "Our Rail-road management" with other valuable contributions. "Faux Pas of the Press" in the "Galaxy Miscellany" is a very amusing record of a *few* printer's blunders.

Harper's Magazine for June contains an illustrated account of the battle of "Lookout Mountain" with a sketch of the surrounding country; "Among the Andes of Peru and Bolivia" by E. G. Squier, "Shooting-Stars Detonating Meteors, and Aerolites" by Prof. Loomis; the continuation of the "Woman's Kingdom" and other stories.

The "Easy Chair" discourses with its usual grace and spirit of Minister Adams and his restrictions in conforming to court dress—the Lying controversy—and of Mr. Dickens and his farewell to America.

An intelligent American writing from Naples, in a private letter says:

"I think it is a shame that almost the only American paper that has a European circulation should be the *N. Y. Herald*. The number I saw was filled with most scandalous denunciations of the Radicals, and most shameful perversions of their acts, and was full of such expressions as these, 'Robespierre Sumner'; Jean Murat Butler"; etc.

RECEIVED.

SERMONS BY NEWMAN HALL, D.D. 12mo. volume. Cloth, 309 pp. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Our Young Folks for June. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The Herald of Health for June. New York: Miller, Wood & Co.

Every Saturday. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Harper's Bazar. An illustrated Ladies' Magazine of Fashions. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Littell's Living Age. Boston: Littell & Gay.

Communication from the Governor of New York, with Report by Mr. John Jay on the National Cemetery at Antietam. Pamphlet.

OBITUARY.

DIED, in Philadelphia, on the 24th of May, HANNAH W. STEEL, in the 63d year of her age.

Loyal to the right, keenly sympathetic with human suffering, true to the cause of every true Reform, her life blessed the world by the constant influences for good which she dispensed to those around her. Her character presented a rare combination of strength and delicacy. Of her self forgetful labor for others they who knew her best will be most ready to testify. Faithful to the cause of Freedom herself, she early awakened in the hearts of her children sympathy for the slave and the oppressed colored man of the North. Patient and brave, cheerful under severe and long-continued physical suffering, she faithfully performed the duties of her life, seeking neither recompense nor recognition of her work.

Her mortal life ended, her work well done, she has passed through the portal which we call death, to fuller life and larger work. M. G.

FRIENDS OF HUMAN PROGRESS.

THE Twentieth Yearly Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress will be held at the usual place, near Waterloo, N. Y., on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the 3d, 4th, and 5th days of June next, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.

A cordial invitation is extented to all, of whatever name or connection, who are interested in the great themes of growth and progress for man; all, especially, who are looking hopefully for the better day of Light and Freedom and broad human Religion, which we trust is at hand, to be present and join with us in our deliberations.

Able and instructive speakers have beee invited and are expected to attend, among whom are the following: Dr. LYDIA A. STROWBRIDGE, AARON M. POWELL, LUCY STONE, FREDERICK DOUGLASS, CHARLES D. B. MILLS, GILES B. STEBBINS and GEO. W. TAYLOR.

Music by JOSHUA HUTCHINSON.

Communications for the meeting may be addressed to PHEBE B. DEAN, Waterloo, N. Y.

BY ORDER OF COMMITTEE.

WATERLOO, N. Y., May, 1868.

PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.

THE Sixteenth Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends will convene in Longwood meeting-house, near Hamorton, Chester Co., Pa., on Fifth day, the 4th of Sixth month, 1868, at 11 o'clock A. M., and continue three days. The friends of "pure and undefiled religion"—the religion of humanity—whatever may be their theological views or their denominational relations, are cordially invited to participate in all the duties, privileges and pleasures of the occasion; to unite with us, not in "doubtful disputations" of creed and ceremony, but in the discussion of the living, practical, vital questions of the time, and in devising ways and means for a higher moral and spiritual culture, and for the universal dissemination of those principles of justice, purity and progress which find their best illustration in the teaching and example of Jesus of Nazareth. It is our aim to secure the highest advantages of religious association and fellowship, avoiding the narrowness of prescribed creeds and forms, and the petty ambitions and conflicts of sects. Accepting gratefully all of truth that has been revealed through the prophets and teachers of the past, we desire to keep our minds and hearts ever open to fresh manifestations of the Divine Will, believing as we do that God is as near to his children in this as he was in any past age, and that it is no less our privilege than it was that of men of the olden time to be quickened and led by the direct illuminations of his Spirit. It is our object to apply the truth, whether new or old, to every institution, law and custom of society, to the end that all unrighteousness and injustice may be abolished, and the will of God be done on earth as it is in heaven.

Strangers who feel attracted to a religious society like this are assured of a welcome not only to the meeting but to the homes of Progressive Friends.

Persons wishing for board and lodging are informed that they may find what they seek in the village of Hamorton, a short distance from the meeting. They should leave the cars at Fa rville station.

Henry Blanchard, pastor of the Independent Universalist Church in Brooklyn, N. Y., is engaged to be present; and strong hopes are entertained of the attendance of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, J. L. Corning, pastor of the Congregational Church in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and other able speakers.

Persons wishing to communicate with the meeting by letter, should address Oliver Johnson, Hamorton, Chester Co., Pa.

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***The Cars of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Central Railroad leave West Philadelphia for Longwood and vicinity every day at 7:15 A. M. and 4:50 P. M.

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NOTICE TO CITY SUBSCIBERS.

THE STANDARD will hereafter be delivered to our subcribers in this city by the carriers of the Post office Department. Should any irregularity occur in its delivery from imperfect addresses, or from any other cause, we hope to be promptly advised. To provide for the necessary prepayment of postage the subscription price will, from this date, be three dollars and fifty cents a year to subcribers within the city limits.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE on Fifth street is closed. Persons who have business with the State Society, who wish to pay their subscription for THE STANDARD, or who wish to subcribe for the paper, will please call on the undersigned, who has consented to act as General Agent for a time. E. M. DAVIS,
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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO RELIGION.

EDITED BY S. H. MORSE & J. B. MARVIN.

The general purpose and character of this work may be sufficiently indicated in its title. It is proper, however, to add the following statement: THE RADICAL furnishes a medium for the freest expression of thought on the questions that interest earnest minds in every community. Not having to consult denominational or party interests, it can consistently enforce the lessons of intellectual freedom and self-dependence. Confiding more in the natural force of Ideas for the progress and melioration of society, than in the good offices of the best disposed institution; in the Divine Spirit of Liberty steadily burning in the soul of man, rather than in the wisest prescriptions of political or ecclesiastical art; we are ambitious, by the discussion of ideas and principles, to fortify individuals in their trust of Spiritual Laws, and in an unwavering reliance on the protections of heroic character. As occasion demands, we shall criticize public affairs, and consider the different reformatory movements o the present day.

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Miscellaneous Department.

AFTER THE BURIAL.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

YES, Faith is a goodly anchor;
When skies are sweet as a psalm,
At the bows it lolls so stalwart,
In bluff broad-shouldered calm.

And when, over breakers to leeward
The tattered surges are hurled,
It may keep our head to the tempest,
With its grip on the base of the world.

But, after the shipwreck, tell me
What help in its iron thews,
Still true to the broken hawser,
Deep down among sea-weed ooze?

In the breaking gulfs of sorrow,
When the helpless feet stretch out,
And find in the deeps of darkness
No footing so solid as doubt.

Then better one spar of memory,
One broken plank of the past,
That our human heart may cling to,
Though hopeless of shore at last!

To the spirit its splendid conjectures,
To the flesh its sweet despair,
Its tears o'er the thin-worn locket
With its beauty of deathless hair!

Immortal? I feel it and know it;
Who doubts it of such as she?
But that is the pang's very secret—
Immortal away from me!

There's a narrow ridge in the graveyard
Would scarce stay a child in his race;
But to me and my thought it is wider
Than the star-sown vague of space.

Your logic, my friend, is perfect,
Your morals most drearily true,
But the earth that stops my darling's ears
Makes mine insensate too.

Console, if you will; I can bear it;
'Tis a well-meant alms of breath;
But not all the preaching since Adam
Has made Death other than Death.

Communion in spirit! Forgive me,
But I, who am earthly and weak,
Would give all my income from dreamland
For her rose-leaf palm on my cheek!

That little shoe in the corner,
So worn and wrinkled and brown—
Its motionless hollow confutes you,
And argues your wisdom down.

The Atlantic Monthly.

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

FASHIONABLE WEDDINGS.

BY LUCIA GILBERT CALHOUN.

WHEN "the Butterfly married the Bumble-bee, and all the world went thither to see," as set forth in a lyric dear to the ears of infancy, she committed two follies which have been a pestilent example ever since. She married the wrong man, and she married him in the wrong way.

Every day of this enlightened year of ours, her pretty and purposeless kindred may, can, might, could, would and will do the same thing. On the Fifth avenue, in the side streets, "below Bleecker," in the surburbs, all over the land, up stairs, down stairs, and in the lady's chamber, Miss Butterfly prefigures to herself the conquest of Mr. Bumble-bee, the bridal glories of Mrs. Bumble-bee, the admiring gaze of the world come thither to see.

One bitter day last Winter, Serena came to see me. Now Serena was not, even in her maiden estate, of the Butterfly blood, or proclivities. She is a simple, truthful, good little woman. She entertained me with the news of the hour. "Miss Rose was to be married in the Church of the Eleven Thousand Virgins on Tuesday." "But," I said, "Miss Rose does not worship in the Church of the Eleven Thousand Virgins." "No," answered the fair Serena, calmly settling her bracelets, "but a great many brides choose to be married there, because the broad aisle gives such a splendid sweep to their train, you know. They do look so much more stylish there than in a little, narrow, tucked-up place such as most of the Churches are. It brings us a good many brides, and it helps to upbuild the church, which it is our duty to do." Now this good and tender little woman did not know that she had uttered a monstrous and abhorrent sentiment. Do you know it, girls?

A bride comes hither to breath her vows, not because the groined roof springs strong and beautiful and unchanging above her, the symbol of the over-arching presence and providence of God; not because the nave is sweet with the fragance of a million prayers; not because the Lord is in his holy temple with blessing for his little child; not because marriage is the profoundest experience of humanity, a miracle more marvellous than birth, a mystery more solemn than death, and to be celebrated in consecrated places; but because the church holds many people, and the aisle displays a voluminous train, and the rings on the bridal fingers may glitter bravely, and the bells on the bridal toes may ring noisily, and the cost of the bridal dress may strike dumb with amazement and admiration any gaping idler of the town, whom the open doors have attracted to a free exibition!

And are the twain who compose the pageant made one flesh by this stately ceremonial? Not at all. Miss Butterfly is Miss Butterfly still, in purpose, in plan, in essence. She has a little larger liberty of action—a house of her own, perhaps; more clothes than she has ever chanced to possess at any one time; and an interest in the bank account of Mr. Bumble-bee, vice Butterfly, senior, declined. Mr. Bumble-bee has a permanent housekeeper—a possible mother of his children, a radiant lady in very expensive toilets—to sit beside him at church, at the opera, at dinner-parties. She has her gossips still, and he his clubs; she has her coupe, and he his drag; she reads Miss Braddon, and he the sporting paper. She stays late at dancing-parties, and he fills the time with billiards; and they call this condition of things *marriage*. Yet they are conscientious people. They break no commandment save that one which underlies all others; to love each other as themselves. They do as the world of fashion does. They never guessed that Romeo and Juliet had any existence outside the story-book. They never heard of the great Englishman, Stuart Mill, who, when his wife died, felt that the strength of his life was gone, and said that all the worth of his work had come from her inspiration and help. They could not comprehend what Dicky Steele meant, when he said of Lady Hastings, "To love her was a liberal education."

Now, that last paragraph is not from the purpose, as it may seem. I mean to say that a marriage which is a farce will follow a wedding which is a sham. Nor is it the solemnization in church alone which is painful. It is almost as bad at home. For three brides who can *afford* the display which fashion demands, thirty will achieve it who have not the means to pay, who must borrow the money, or accept it as a gift, or meanly screw and pinch to save it from some really necessary outlay. The first method of supply is a lie; the second is a degradation; the third is a meanness; and each is an extravagance.

Self-respect is too dear a price to pay for wedding silk and velvet cloak; and, if the girl does not know that she is paying in that costly coin, but puts the reckoning by, ten times the worse for her! I know young women who had elaborate trousseaus, and whose mothers went without fit under-clothes, without thick boots, in shabby gloves, in battered and soiled hoops, whose table was meagre, whose charities were none, whose little needful journeys and visitings were stopped for years of their shortening lives, in consequence. There was no harm in the girls. They were sorry that they had not money enough to make these sacrifices unnecessary; they were sorry to have their mothers pinched; but it never occurred to them that *they* could go without a bride's allowed allotment. What other girls had, they must have. Beside, Adolphus must not be ashamed of his wife, they reasoned—never seeing that if he *was* ashamed of his wife, because she wore a cloth cloak instead of velvet, he was an empty coxcomb, unfit to have a wife at all—never seeing the insult to their womanly worth implied in such an estimate.

In the new household, as in the old, there will be pinching in the real needs to supply the unreal. Books and flowers and travel will be too costly, but dress-maker's and tailor's bills must be met. Life will narrow to petty issues—children will grow up, taught by *examples* of pettiness, to be petty, as no *precepts* of largeness could ever teach them to be large. And so the evil is entailed, a terrible legacy to coming generations.

But a fashionable wedding need not produce a hollow life, you think, expectant bride? Ten to one it will. As the girl starts on her new life, she feels bound by the stern code of society to so continue. Satin on her wedding-day ushers in a train of silk for all the days of her life, and silk, in these days, is expensive; and all the men whom *I* know anything about, brood and worry over the price of living, and the children's future. And when the husband worries, the wife frets, or snubs him, or at best, carries a heavy burden of care, and all the sunshine of the morning fades. Don't imagine that I think most of the unhappiness of marriage-life comes from the vanity of wives. I do know that very much of it is born of the constant struggle between a reality of narrowness and a seeming of wealth—not in dress alone, but in houses, in furniture, in dinners, in wine, in cigars, in all the details of expenditure. Mean cares rasp the sweetest temper. Souls are born for better things than scrutinizing wash-bills and calculating how the third turning of a silk dress can be concealed by flounces. An irritable temper sows discord as dragon's teeth, and they spring up armed fiends of disagreement, recrimination, wretchedness. By and by Florinda and Adolphus talk of a seperate maintenance, or worse still, live on in this terrible duality, which has no element of unity.

And what shall be said of the vulgarity of fashionable weddings? Let us by a fine flight of the imagination, believe that the twain about to become one flesh love each other utterly. To each the world revolves about the other. To each suns rise and set because the other lives. They are the new Adam and the new Eve, for whom the world is this day born. Life itself is a sacrament, marriage a beatitude, the holy of holies. Shall these two pure and earnest souls say, "Go to, now—let us ring bells, and beat gongs, and cry out to the world, 'Come and see how we turn this miracle of love and choice into a spectacle of tinsel and gauds. Come and hear us tell the dearest experience of our lives?'" Yet they do it, simple souls, because it is expected. They do another thing as ill-bred. They set forth the wedding-presents to be gazed at

Now the custom of giving wedding-presents is, in itself, beautiful. Your friend is, as it were, born again on this her wedding-day—so new and changed is her future. You hope she will be happy; you hope that she will never forget you and your tenderness for her, and you send her some dainty gift, whose beauty shall delight her—whose daily presence shall sweetly remind her of you. You do not send it that Mrs. Smith may wonder whether it cost as much as hers. You do not send it to have it regarded as the measure of your "lean, and low ability," by the dear, five hundred friends of the bride; and when it is so used, if you have any delicacy within you, you are pained and surprised. Somebody in an evil hour once showed her bridal presents, and then the pretty custom at once became a vulgarity. If the gifts were to be shown, this one must give, and that one, not because her heart moved her—not because her purse permitted, but because her offering must not be absent. And now, every fashionable wedding is a polite extortion, a deliberate tax-levy on the friends of the bride, to be paid in silver spoons and butter dishes. One of the sweetest girls I know told me that she asked such and such people to her wedding—vulgar, undesirable acquaintances they were—because she knew they would give her presents. Indeed, she confessed, without the slightest shame-facedness, that she gave a wedding on account of the tariff-system. "It will be such a help toward housekeeping," she thriftily remarked. Why, the Queen of Hamlet was a miracle of delicacy and propriety compared with these rapacious young women, and the funeral-baked meats that coldly furnished forth the marriage table, were a less hollow feast than the wedding-breakfast of to-day. It is an incredible fact that wedding-presents are hired from the jewellers, and labelled with the names of suppositious relatives, to make up the melancholy display. It is a horrible sequence that policemen should be placed on guard over the laden tables during the reception. No reprobation could be so severe as the statement of the fact.

O, girls! are you children of Revolutionary mothers? Are you daughters, and sisters, and sweethearts of men who fought our later battles, and found life other than a joke and a sham? Are you akin to the women who upheld their hands, and nursed them, living, and buried them, dead, and can you make your daily lives a wretched pretence from maidenhood to death? If you love a man with heart and soul, marry him, (provided, of course, that he loves you and asks you.) If you don't love him, don't marry him, though you die an old maid at ninety in the Asylum for Indigent Old Maids, about to be established in Boston. But let your wedding be simple, and quiet, and beautiful with love, but not with money. If you are rich, do this in the name of grace, and for the sake of example. If you are poor, do it in the name of honesty, and for the sake of a pure conscience. And in either event, do it as an offering to delicacy, and the fitness of things.

If you have wedding-presents then, most of them will come because the givers love you, and, loving, desire to give the gifts of love. Treasure them sacredly, but on the wedding-day send them to the bank, or hide them in the back attic, or push them under the bed, or put them in the refrigerator, or do anything but shake them in the face of the public, and say, "Behold how pleased I am with my rattle, how tickled with my straw."

And, after marriage, save something from Delmonico's for deep-sea bathing; and something from Wallack's for West street and the Five Points; and something from Madame Pinchon for flowers, and books; and, something from Stewart's for drives in the Park; and you and your special Adolphus will be much less likely to talk of a separate maintenance than the wretched Florinas and Adolphuses who were wedded before this article was written.

And now that I know there will be no more fashionable weddings among the readers of the *Ledger*, I shall go to bed, and sleep the sleep of the just.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Our Foreign Correspondence.

II.

ROME, ITALY, March 28th, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

HAVING seen the Carnival and the Pope, I considered that I had made a good commencement of my visit to Rome, and since that time I have been hard at work in what is called technically "doing" Rome. But I have seen so much already that my brain is bewildered, and as I look back upon this confused mass, as it were, of churches, ruins, palaces, museums and villas, and think how I shall describe them, I am tempted to give it up in despair. However, there are bright fragments floating about in all this chaos, which memory has caught and fastened with a golden pin, and among these fragments I have singled out three or four, for brief description. Let me commence with St. Peter's.

The beauty and grandeur of St. Peter's cannot be exaggerated, though perhaps on a first visit one may be disappointed as to its immense size, for on entering, the effect in the interior is such that it seems really small, for such a great edifice. However, this impression wears away after a while, and I cannot say that with me it lasted above a moment, for happening, just after going in, to cast my eyes towards the other end of the building, some people near the altar appeared like children and I then realized how very great was the space that this church covers. There are no pictures in St. Peters's of a high order, but the church is almost clogged, if I may say it, with statuary. The tombs and colossal figures of Popes, statues of the saints and apostles occur at almost every step, although most of them are not much above mediocrity as works of art. There are two or three illustrious exceptions among them, as for instance, the tomb of Clement XIII. by Canova, which is a very fine work and which established that sculptor's fame. The Pope, a very expressive figure, is represented praying; on one side is death, portrayed as an angel with a reversed torch; while on the other is a female statue, denoting religion, holding the cross. At the two angles are ten lions which are admirably executed, and one of them asleep is ranked among the finest efforts of modern sculpture. Whenever we stroll into St. Peter's I just sit a while before this group and every time I see something about it which I had not discovered—some beauty hitherto unperceived.

In a chapel on the right, just after entering St. Peter's, is the celebrated Pieta by Michael Angelo, a marble group representing the Virgin with the dead body of the Saviour on her knees. It is one of the great sculptor's earliest works, being executed when he was only twenty-four years old, and intended for the French Ambassador at the Pope's court. It is a most beautiful group, but is so badly placed that the full effect is lost. It is much to be wished that the Pope or some one in authority would have it changed to a lighter and better chapel. In another chapel of St. Peter's is a column said to have been brought from the Temple at Jerusalem and to be the one against which the Saviour leaned when disputing with the doctors. I confess that I have, in common with many others, my doubts about it, but as true followers believe so, it is just as well. The Baldacchino or grand canopy covering the altar, is a very gorgeous affair. It is of solid bronze, supported by four spiral columns, and covered with rich ornaments of gilt. The height is ninety-four and a half feet, and it was cast in 1633 after the designs of Bernini. The cost of the gilding alone was $40,000, and of the whole canopy $100,000. From this sum, expended upon one single thing you may gather an idea of the enormous cost of the whole church. I should add that the bronze of which the canopy is composed, was stolen from the Pantheon by Pope Urban VIII. By such acts as these have the earlier Popes contributed to mutilate and in some instances, destroy the last vestiges of noble ruins. Around the confessional is a balustrade of marble, from which are suspended 112 brass lamps which are never allowed to go out and of which the effect is fine. A flight of steps lead down to the shrine, and within is the entrance to the tomb of St. Peter.

A most curious thing in this church, and one to which a certain interest attaches, is the famous bronze sitting statue of St. Peter, whose toe is kissed by the faithful. St. Peter is represented sitting in a chair, holding up his right hand, and with the right foot extended. This foot has been so constantly kissed that *several of the toes are worn away.* Often when I am in St. Peter's I sit opposite to this statue for a while, to watch the devotees who go through with this act of bigotry and superstition. Mothers come in with little children, and after kissing the Apostle's foot, hold up their little boy or girl to do the same; fussy old gentlemen strut along to the statue, take out very deliberately their pocket-handkerchiefs, carefully wipe the foot, then kiss it and pass on; priests hurrying on to perform some duty about the church, give it a hurried kiss and go away; young girls often make considerable fun over it, seeming to think it a good joke, and dare one another to kiss the sacred foot; and now and then, a soldier (particularly of the Zouaves, who seem to be the most devout men in the Pope's army), follow the general example. I went to St. Peter's on Friday last to see the Pope pray before the different altars, and I noticed that when he reached the statue of the Saint, the foot was most carefully wiped before it was considered fit for the Pontifical lips.

The Vatican is an immense palace, the largest in the world, and its collections of statuary are the most magnificent ever gathered together. To see satisfactorily what is here exhibited, would require weeks of hard work which few visitors to Rome have the patience or the time to bestow. As it is, you wander on from hall to hall, each one of which in any other place, would constitute a gallery by itself, and before you have completed the circuit, the time comes when the galleries are closed for the day, and you find yourselves once more at home, thoroughly exhausted, and having after all seen but little. The gems of the Vatican collection are placed in a series of rooms called Museo Pio-Clementino, from the Popes Clement XIV and Pius VI., from whom it received its most important accessions. The latter, Pope Pius VI., in all, contributed no less than 2,000 statues to the collection, and built many of the most splendid rooms in the Vatican, for their reception. Of course I was anxious to see the famous Apollo Belvedere and the Laocoon, and at last, after threading my way through mazes of sculpture, I found them in this museum, in a portion called the Cortile di Belvedere. This is a beautiful court of unequal sides, with a small fountain in the centre. Surrounding this court is an open portico with four small cabinets in the corners, which contain some of the most celebrated specimens of ancient art. In two of these cabinets are the above-mentioned pieces. The group of the Laocoon brought into my mind the fine description of the fate of the Laocoon, in the second book of Virgil's Æneid, but I believe that there is not the least evidence that it was suggested by the sculpture. Lord Byron in his exquisite poem of Childe Harold has elevated to a still higher fame this noted group. Of the Apollo Belvedere it would be superfluous to say a word, as the fame of that matchless statue is world-wide. In one of the cabinets are the two boxers, Creugas and Damoxenus, and the Perseus, by Canova. When the ancient statues were carried off to Paris by Napoloon, these celebrated figures, although of modern art, were placed in the vacated niches of their illustrious predecessors. In their restoration, Canova's statues were allowed to remain, although in opposition to his wishes, as he did not wish them to challenge comparison when standing by the side of those masterpieces of ancient art. One of the rooms is devoted to the sculpture of animals and birds, and constitutes the finest collection ever formed. Most of them are supposed to have been done by Greek sculptors, who, according to Pliny, excelled in their representations of animals. Strange to say, one of the most admirable things in the whole collection is a group representing a sow with a litter of pigs. They seem to be literally alive. This room has been called a menagerie of art and I think it is a very appropriate name, for almost every animal is represented and all are perfect in their way. Another fine room is the one called the Gallery of Statues. In it is the celebrated half figure called the Genius of the Vatican, supposed to have been sculptured by Praxiteles. There is also in the same room a most beautiful recumbent statue of the "Sleeping Ariadne." It was first thought to be Cleopatra, because a bracelet on the arm has some resemblance to a serpent. The drapery of the figure is most wonderfully finished, and to me it is altogether one of the most interesting statues in the museum. I would like to write of many other wonderful things, in this the greatest of all museums, but to do so would take up the whole space devoted to this letter, and therefore I must stop here. The picture gallery of the Vatican, though small (not containing fifty pictures), is the finest in existence, every picture being a gem of art, and it contains the two most renowned pictures of modern times, viz.: Raphael's Transfiguration, and The Last Sacrament of St. Jerome, by Domenichino.

Many people who go to the gallery spend nearly their whole time in examining these paintings, and well they may, for no words can express half their beauty. All the refinement, sweetness, and extreme delicacy of Raphael's style seem concentrated in the Transfiguration and the almost equally beautiful Madonna di Foligno, which is placed near it. With Domenichino's greatest work, The Last Sacrament of St. Jerome, the following curious story is connected. The picture was originally painted for the church of Ara Coeli, but the monks quarreled with Domenichino, and put the picture out of sight. They afterwards commissioned Poussin to paint an altar piece for the church, and instead of supplying him with new canvass, they sent him the one of St. Jerome to be painted over, thus thinking to spite Domenichino. Poussin, however, not only refused to commit such sacrilege, but threw up his engagement and made known the existence of the picture, declaring that he knew only two painters in the world, Raphael and Domenichino. To him, therefore, is the world indebted for the preservation of this magnificent painting. In this little gallery are preserved many of the finest works of Guido Reni, Caravaggio, Titian and other great Italian artists, and the student of art, the amateur, and the professional painter, will find in its treasures the studies of a lifetime.

Of the museums of the Capitol I must not omit to say a few words. On the side of the ancient Capitol of Rome are now three palaces, all designed by Michael Angelo, and called, one the Palace of the Senator, another, the Palace of the Conservatori, and the third, the Museum of the Capitol. The latter is devoted to collections of ancient statuary, constituting after the Vatican, the best specimens extant. The Palace of the Conservatori contains a gallery of pictures and frescoes, together with another small collection of busts and statuary, and in the Senatorial palace are deposited a few antiquities, but nothing of note. Of the edifices erected on this famous hill by the Romans, a few fragments only remain, and I did not notice anything meriting description. But that which makes the memory of the Capitol dear to every visitor in Rome at the present day, is the unrivalled statue of the "Dying Gladiator," so beautifully described by Byron. It was found by Cardinal Albani, about 1770, near Porto d'Angio, and after remaining for some time in the Villa Ludovisi, was finally removed to the Museum of the Capitol. Critics have pronounced this statue faultless, both as regards the anatomy of the form and the expression and character given to it, and believe that nobody possessed of the least admiration for true genius can long look at the "Dying Gladiator" without being impressed with wonder at the marvellous workmanship, and attracted though at the same time saddened by the subject.

In the same room with the "Dying Gladiator" is the noted Antinous, found in the villa of the Emperor Hadrian. This exquisite statue cannot fail to draw everybody's attention by the remarkable beauty of the head and face. It has almost as many admirers as its more famous neighbor, and with good reason, for very few figures in ancient art possessed the perfection developed in the form and face of Antinous. In the same room is the Faun, from which Hawthorne drew inspiration for his story of "The Marble Faun." In the other numerous rooms of the museum are very many admirable works, but those I have described so far surpass all others that I devote no space to them. In one room, however, my attention was particularly attracted by a fine collection of busts of the Emperors of Rome, most of them being of undoubted authenticity. Many, particularly the twelve Cæsars, have intelligent and marked faces, although in such ones as Caligula and Nero, the brutal elements will show themselves, although smoothed down by the sculptor's art. In a private cabinet of the museum is the renowned "Venus of the Capitol," a most beautiful representation of that goddess, both in form and feature. When found, it was almost perfect; one of the fingers and the point of the nose were the only portions fractured, and both have been perfectly restored. On coming out from the Capitol Museum, I went to see the famous Tarpeian Rock, which is in the immediate vicinity. This rock, which was used by the ancient Romans as a place from which to hurl criminals, has sunk considerably below its original level, and although now, a tumble from it would be no joke, yet it has so changed in character and appearance that many visitors do not take the trouble to go to it at all. The space below is for the most part occupied by dirty hovels, and it requires an effort to bring one's self to feel the proper amount of sentiment for such a noted spot.

And the ruins of ancient Rome. How shall I describe them? The Forum where once the restless tide of human life flowed back and forth, where noble temples, grand arches and magnificent colonnades filled up the sides of the open space, where the people held their public meetings, where Cicero delivered his immortal orations, all is now a deserted and desolate field, dotted here and there with decaying columns or ruined arches, the sad remnants of that Rome, once the proud mistress of the world. On the ground once trod by the Emperors and Senators of Rome, the soldiers of the Pope now have their daily drill, and the classical traveller, looking at this scene, cannot help lamenting such a vulgar desecration of the Forum Romanum.

Farther on are the remains of the palaces of the Cæsars, which have been purchased by Napoleon III. Of these once splendid buildings but few fragments remain. Here a broken pillar, or there a bit of wall or arch, are all. The space about the ruins has been laid out with considerable taste, and flowers planted among the debris, and thus a very pretty place has been made of it. Then comes the Arch of Titus, yet erect and yet most beautiful, and then, better than all, the grand, imposing, and stupendous Colosseum. Despite the assaults of time and the destructive work of barbarian hordes, the Colosseum still stands, proudly looming up against the sky, noble and beautiful even in decay. Perhaps all your readers may not be acquainted with the history of this gigantic structure. It can be briefly told. The Colosseum was begun by the Emperor Vespasian in the year 72 A. D., and the work was all done by 12,000 Jewish captives, who, under the stimulus of the lash, were compelled to rear its huge columns. Vespasian died when it was half finished, and his successor, Titus, continued and dedicated it in the year 80, but it was not completely finished until the reign of Domitian. At the dedication by Titus, 5,000 wild beasts were killed in the arena, the games lasting for 100 days. The design of the building is said to have been drawn by Gaudentius, a Christian architect, who afterwards suffered martyrdom within its walls. At that time it was called Amphitheatrum Flavium, the name Colosseum being comparatively modern. The shape of the building is of course known to everybody. In a word, it is an immense circular structure, without a roof and with rows of seats running round the whole circumference to the very top. The height of the outer wall, a part of which is yet intact, is 157 English feet. As there was no roof, there used to be spread over the whole building, a heavy covering of canvass, to protect the audience and combatants from the fierce rays of the sun. The benches of the Colosseum could seat 87,000 spectators, while in the spaces left, there was room for 22,000 more. At first the Colosseum was used for wild beast battles, and soon after for gladiatorial combats. At times the arena was flooded with water deep enough to float vessels, and naval engagements took place between two miniature fleets, laden with gladiators, in which great loss of life occurred. At length, as Christianity began to spread its influence, the gladiatorial contests were abolished. In the middle ages, the building was occupied as a fortress by the Frangipani, a faction of Roman nobles, and for 300 years it was a scene of tumult and attack. Later, different Popes and nobles plundered the Colosseum for stone to build their palaces with, and of course, damaged it terribly. Much of the marble was torn off and burned into lime, and the whole edifice was hacked up and pulled to pieces in such a way that it is a wonder that any now remains. At last, in 1585, Sextus V. endeavored to check this wholesale destruction and convert the Colosseum into a woolen manufactory, but this unsentimental project very happily failed, as also one for making it a manufactory of saltpetre, by Clement XI. Another Pope set apart the whole building to the worship of martyrs, and finally, Benedict XIV., in 1742, again consecrated the Colosseum to the memory of Christian martyrs. A cross was erected in the centre, altars placed around at convenient intervals, and thus taken under the protection of the Church it has been well cared for, and from that time forward every effort has been made to preserve it, and the injuries of time constantly repaired. The present Pope Pius IX. has made some material restorations and built huge buttresses to sustain parts of the wall which seemed about to fall. The building is now guarded by soldiers and kept scrupulously clean. I manage to find myself within the walls of the Colosseum as often as possible, for to me there is hardly a spot in Rome so attractive, and as I sit on one of the ruined benches, my thoughts wander back to ancient times, and I imagine what a gladiatorial combat must have been, with all its dreadful accessories. And now, how changed is everything!

How peaceful is the Colosseum after all the stormy scenes which have been enacted within its walls! In place of gladiators striding about in the arena, monks glide in and out through the ruined arches; the vast throngs which crowded its benches have passed away forever; and the seats themselves are covered with weeds and grass, while in the crevices between the broken walls, and on the jutting frieze and buttress, wild flowers grow luxuriantly. Such is the Colosseum to-day; and as the stranger, with his mind filled with the memories of the past, enters it for the first time, and beholds, planted in the arena, the cross of Christ, he cannot but feel thankful at the great change which has come over the world since the time when man murdered his fellow man for the amusement of the Roman populace, the people of a nation then the most civilized and enlightened of the universe.

Of politics, particularly those connected with Rome, I hope to write something in my next. Let me say here, however, that unless some very startling event occurs, the Pope is stronger in the Vatican to-day than he has been for many years. Recruits are continually arriving for the Pontifical army, which now consists of 10,000 well-disciplined men. Assured of the support of France, the Papacy is confident, *but confidence is sometimes a kind of blindness.* Italy, sure that she is right, patiently abides her time, and although like other great reforms, the cause of Italian unity will have to wait, it will not wait in vain. The day will come when the streets of Rome will echo to the tramp of true Italian soldiers, and from the walls of St. Angelo, instead of the cross keys and tiara, will float the tri-color of free and independent Italy.

E. Q. P.

MARKS OF A GENTLEMAN.—No man is a gentleman who, without provocation, would treat with incivility the humblest of his species. It is a vulgarity for which no accomplishments of dress or address can ever atone. Show me the man who desires to make every one happy around him, and whose greatest solicitude is never to give cause of offence to any one, and I will show you a gentleman by nature and by practice, though he may never have worn a suit of broadcloth, nor even heard of a lexicon. I am proud to say, for the honor of our species, there are men, in every throb of whose heart there is a solicitude for the welfare of mankind, and whose every breath is perfumed with kindness.

IT is with wealth, when quintessenced into a Koh-i-Noor diamond, as it is with greatness, it becomes a source of great embarrasment to its owner. Therefore Signor Carieilo, who wanted to go to Paris to visit the Exhibition, made his first visit to the Bank of France, to lodge in it a Brazilian topaz which is not only valuable as being the largest and heaviest topaz known, but because it bears an intaglio of the Redeemer breaking the bread, which was cut on it by Signor Carieilo himself. His tools were the graver and diamond dust. This extraordinary topaz weighs over three pounds, is five inches wide and thick, and nine inches long.

AS OUR MOTHERS DO.—The other evening three little girls were playing among the sage brush in a back yard. Two of them were "making believe to keep house" a few yards distant from each other—neighbors as it were. One of them says to the third little girl: "There, now, Nelly, you go to Sarah's house and stop a little while and talk, and then you come back and tell me what she says about me, and then I'll talk about her; then you go and tell her all I say, and then we'll get mad and won't speak to each other, just like our mothers do, you know. O! that'll be such fun."

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